PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

Sept. 12, 1925

Wisdom Waiteth at Dawn

Wisdom is radiant and fadeth not away;
And easily is she beheld of them that love her,
And found of them that seek her.
She forestalleth them that desire to know her, making herself first known.
He that riseth up early to seek her shall have no toil,
For he shall find her sitting at his gates.
For to think upon her is perfectness of understanding,
And he that watcheth for her shall quickly be free from care,
For she goeth about, herself seeking them that are worthy of her,
And in their paths she appeareth unto them graciously,
And in every purpose she meeteth them.

For her true beginning is the desire for discipline;
And the desire for discipline is love of her;
And love of her is observance of her laws;
And to give heed to her laws confirmeth incorruption;
And incorruption bringeth near unto God.

"The Bible Abridged," Henry Hallam Saunderson.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 8, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and such notice sent to 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 176 Newbury St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and special contract.

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176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

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THE
Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 107th Year | New Series | Vol. XXVIII | No. 37

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5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

THE MAN WHO WROTE THE UGLY DUCKLING

FIFTY years ago, in August, 1875, Hans Christian Andersen died. One hundred and twenty years ago he was born on an island near the mainland of Denmark.

Although he was the author of books of travel, poetry, and fiction, he is known mainly because he wrote fairy stories. His imagination has delighted and instructed children in many parts of the world.

This fiftieth anniversary is marked by celebrations in Denmark, England and other countries, and by new complete editions of his works.

It is a good time to re-read "The Ugly Duckling" which turned out to be a beautiful swan. It is one of the immortal stories. Children love it and the most cultivated adults enter even more fully into its deeper meanings.

It is a good time also to read again the story of the author's life.

His father was a consumptive shoemaker, but a man of imagination. The large family lived in a single room. The fond father died young and left the little boy to the care of a thoughtless mother. The boy read Shakespeare and Holberg, made his way to Copenhagen, almost starved, was aided by an actor and theater manager, helped finally by the King himself, sent on long journeys, failed repeatedly with novels and other works, and finally in middle age discovered himself famous the world over because of his fairy tales by which he himself set small store.

"His own fairy tale," says J. C. Squire, the English critic, "with its poverty, genius and sudden unexpected King, was like the story of the Ugly Duckling. Only in one regard is it not like life, and there it is perhaps better than life: the Ugly Ducklings of this world usually know quite well that they are young swans and their pride is such as to put them beyond need of our pity."

In any event, study of Hans Christian Andersen and his stories sets free our own imaginations, fits us to understand and associate with the children of today, teaches us to be on the lookout for the child who can not be fitted into usual grooves, and gives us the pure delight of association with one who, as Squire puts it, "made the whole world alive, winds, flowers, birds, beasts, every decayed house and every battered stool; whose compassion and understanding were extended to every living thing."

One of the noblest bits of prose Andersen ever wrote was his account of Jenny Lind in Copenhagen: "a pure vessel from which a holy draught was presented," "art in all its sanctity," "one of its vestals," "no more ennobling influence on me as a poet than Jenny Lind; through her I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget one's self in the service of the supreme. . . Sunshine from without has streamed into my soul. Repose and certainty have forced themselves into my heart."

All this is a part of Divine Revelation. Both Jenny Lind and Andersen were agents of God. The literature dealing with them or produced by them in so far as it contains truth and beauty becomes a part of a growing Bible which has authority for the race of men.

And shackles are broken, minds are liberated, revelation deepened, and the blessings of life multiplied as men make the sublime discovery that all the authority any Bible can possibly have or need is the truth and beauty it contains.

* *

GOD OR EVOLUTION

SINCE the Dayton trial there has appeared in the newspapers throughout the country the assertion that if one believes in evolution, one can not believe in God. Is not the proof of the pudding the eating? However we may theorize about how a person must make a choice between God or evolution, the fact remains that millions of people do believe in both. And why not?

Of course if one insists on defining evolution as a method of creation without a God, it is entirely correct to say a man can not believe in evolution and at the same time believe in God. That amounts to saying one can not both believe in God and not believe in Him. But this is simply begging the question. Evolution is not a method of creation without a God. Evolution is a theory that higher forms of life grew

out of lower forms according to fixed and unchanging laws and with the propelling power of forces locked up inside. It does not deny that some one made the laws, designed the process, and put the forces inside the various forms of life. That is precisely what we do believe. We believe God did it. We believe God is creating through evolutionary processes to-day.

It would be considered exceedingly bad taste, to put it mildly, if those of us who believe in a God back of the universe and also believe in a sublime method of creation called evolution going on before our eyes, should loudly assert that men can not both believe in God and in Genesis, that they must take one or the other. If they take Genesis with its old Jewish traditions of a finished creation, they can not take God in any modern sense of the word.

That would be doing precisely what the fundamentalists do who deny that we believe in God because we believe in science. Why, the great reason for our faith in God is the glorious story of creation as science patiently pieces it together. If we had nothing but some of the tedious sermons preached by the people who think Genesis tells the whole story, we confess we might land in any morass of unbelief.

* *

MORE CRUISING ARTICLES

WE have received a number of requests both verbal and written for "more Cruising articles." Some of the letters which we have received upon this subject have greatly touched and pleased us.

We are happy to announce a new series on "Cruising Close By."

The "Introduction" will appear in the issue for October 3.

* *

PRESIDENT SYKES

APPARENTLY some prophets have honor in their own country. This is the way that the *Plaindealer*, of Canton, N. Y., Williston Manley, editor, speaks of Dr. Richard Eddy Sykes, president of St. Lawrence University:

> How much Canton and the university owe Dr. Sykes is not realized. It may never be realized. Winsome, if a man may be called winsome, with a personality that attracts like a magnet, a man of high ideals, a man's man, tireless, quiet, binding friends to him by magic ties, binding them to him by his unconscious sincerity, he has labored, not for his own glorification but for the institution he loves and for the educational advantages of the great North Country. Quietly he has bound together under his leadership a great band of influential alumni. People hitherto strangers to St. Lawrence have come to know it. No one will ever know in how many wills St. Lawrence has been remembered because of love for Dr. Sykes, who is ever giving of his strength, and never asking. What has come has been, and what comes in the future during his presidency must come, as free will offerings.
>
> Monday two corner-stones were laid, for the Gunnison Memorial and the Hepburn Hall. They were gestures, but all around, and as far as the eye could see, lay the visible, tangible result of his labors, buildings in process of construction, vast fields to be beautified, a golf course to be laid out.
>
> The event was important, not as marking a culmination of effort on the part of Dr. Sykes, but as tangible proof that the Greater St. Lawrence is coming, that it is assured.

We congratulate St. Lawrence University not only upon the new buildings but also upon the modest, able Christian gentleman they have secured as president, whose quiet, unostentatious, unselfish work is bringing about such great changes.

* *

PAID UPLIFTERS

IT is a serious mistake for any man to write or talk in public on a subject he knows nothing about. It is a twice serious mistake for a Bishop of a respectable church.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, Charles Fiske, has been writing some sarcastic and silly things in the *American Mercury* about social service workers.

"No one can possibly estimate the harm that has been done to all movements for social betterment by the paid uplifter," says the Bishop. "The evil of such commercialized service is nowhere more serious than in the churches."

Analyzing his objection to the paid social service workers, we find that they stuck their fingers into other people's pies.

When the Bishop pictures his idea of ideal religious people, he describes them as kindly, quiet, well-disposed churchmen, all of them *minding their own business*, and modestly worshiping God.

The Bishop may not have thrown much light upon the subject he discussed, but he has thrown a powerful beam upon himself.

Many of the things which this young Bishop dislikes we dislike. We dislike hasty resolutions at church conventions, ill-considered platforms, obnoxious lobbyists, parlor socialists, moulding all men in one pattern. We regret, however, the lack of discrimination the Bishop shows. "A passion for social service," he says, "is one of the chief sins and worst pests in America to-day." This is simply being smart. Some of the most far-sighted social engineers of our time are in the profession of social service. Not only do they relieve misery but they analyze its causes, they point out the direction in which we must move if we are to cure poverty and banish disease. His complaint about the appeals which come to him in the mail sounds like the wail of a country editor about the mass of propaganda material he received. He didn't know what to do with it. A competent editor knows what to do with it, and it may be that a competent secretary could sift the wheat from the chaff in the Bishop's mail. We have received requests for some cause or individual in our mail which read as if the merciful Christ had been near when they were penned.

This indiscriminate attack of the Bishop makes it harder for us to get rid of the incompetents in the field of social service. It is so unfair that it arouses sympathy for them all.

Most of us, Bishops also, are paid uplifters. We had better direct our energies against low standards of work and not against any one class of workers.

As to minding our own business, we wonder if this good Bishop has ever heard of a development in modern life called social morality, not supplanting the old individual morality but based on it and extending it. We wonder if he ever heard Jacob Riis' remark: "You can kill a man with a tenement house as well as with a gun."

More things are our business than used to be. Many more will have to be before we get a good world. Coal barons or meat barons telling the public to mind its own business do not carry much weight. Neither do bishops who conceive of religion as a soporific.

* *

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME

AFTER our experience with the German spy madness of war days and the anti-Red hysteria of post-war days, we in America ought to be moderately skeptical in our attitude toward crusades. Though the motive may or may not commend itself, the methods are seldom the best and the results almost invariably bad. Whether the crusade against crime, with Richard Washburn Child as its Peter the Hermit, will go the way of our other scares remains to be seen, but it has begun in a manner suspiciously reminiscent. The crime conditions in this country, bad enough to make any one ponder, have inspired fear in the breasts of some of our leading citizens. They have come to the "something must be done about it" stage. And that, as we know to our sorrow, means that anything is likely to be done—except the right thing.

In this state of affairs, with people going off half-cocked all around us, we may well be thankful for the calm words of Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, who, in a letter to the *Christian Science Monitor*, says:

> I do not believe that there is much profit in the discussions of American criminal justice and penal methods that have been going on of late. The so-called statistics which are quoted so freely have little or no value. . . . The situation is much more complicated than most people think. Before expressing an opinion upon definite projects, I should want a survey of criminal justice in Massachusetts. . . . I suspect that we should find that there is no simple remedy to be applied. . . . Every student of the history of crime and of penal institutions must be skeptical about projects to bring about a reign of obedience to the overgrown penal code of to-day simply by a spasm of infliction of drastic punishments. . . . It is as unintelligent to prescribe mechanically for all infractions of penal laws as to use one bottle of patent medicine for all bodily ills. . . . What we should do is to study the subject thoroughly. Helpful research that is devoted to public health would do great things for public order. Then we must regard the lessons of legal history and not be led into crude legislation by a momentary crusading hysteria.

These are words of the soundest wisdom, spoken by a man of unquestioned authority. They should give us pause. Serious the situation is, and we shall gain nothing by trying to ignore its ugly aspects, but a recognition of a dangerous condition is no excuse for panic. On the contrary, it is a challenge to cool and balanced minds. The situation demands careful study and reasoned action. In particular we must be careful not to relinquish those gains which the humanitarian forces of the country have with difficulty made, unless it can be conclusively proved that these changes have increased crime. Under the impulse of the present popular awareness of the inadequacy of our methods of preventing crime we have an opportunity to make far-reaching changes, but we must be careful or our crusaders will carry us backward instead of forward.

G. H.

* *

A VOYAGE OF THE "FLO AND RUBY"

IN Boston, there is a captain of an excursion boat who sets aside one day a week on which to give poor children a free outing.

His name is Charles M. Munroe, his boat is a small power yacht called the "Flo and Ruby," which will accommodate 100 children, and the trip is around the Charles River Basin.

Other days, Captain Munroe does a regular excursion business around the basin, giving the masses a chance to have a cheap short sail and a breath of air. On his rest day he finds recreation in the outing with the children. Various philanthropic agencies like the Family Welfare Society, the Little Wanderers Home and the Morgan Memorial furnish the passengers. The trip given them is not the usual ten cent ride around the basin and back in half an hour. It is leisurely. It takes the afternoon. All the historic spots, memorials, buildings and bridges are pointed out. The children are given a chance to tell what they know about them and to hear what the Captain knows. They hear the story of Leif Ericson, who is supposed to have had a shack in a beautiful place near the mouth of the basin. They pass close to the memorial gate erected to Edward U. Curtis and the sun dial erected to the memory of Oliver Wendell Holmes. They note the towers and spires of famous churches. They have a most beautiful view of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and they never are out of sight of the gilded dome of the State House. Farther up they see the Longfellow House back from the river in its little park, and read "The Children's Hour." They get the account of how the city of Cambridge bought the old powder magazine of the Revolution and made the site into a bathing beach. They pass the Harvard Stadium, see the city of Watertown, reach the bridge which Larz Anderson built as a memorial "to a father from a son," and hear how Lord Percy crossed there to rescue the British troops retreating from Lexington.

The children and their teachers have a happy, profitable afternoon.

And the Captain—of him the *Christian Science Monitor* quotes his wife as saying: "The Captain wouldn't give up his children's day for anything. He sometimes says that he learns more from the children than they learn from him. But I expect the children learn a good deal, too."

There is almost a limitless amount of fun waiting for other people in the way the Captain finds his. Those who can't take a hundred children can take two or three. The ones to seek out are the ones who don't have much in their lives. How they enjoy it! The Flo and the Ruby sails an enchanted sea.

Evolution for John Doe*

By special permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers, and Henshaw Ward, author, we reprint herewith extracts from Chapter I and the whole of Chapter II of "Evolution for John Doe." Since the Scopes trial there has been a demand for a statement of the doctrine of evolution in simple popular form, so that "the man in the street," without special training in biology, geology, anthropology, etc., might easily grasp it.

Henshaw Ward, the author of this book, is not a trained scientist but is widely read in science. He is fitted to understand the questions the average man asks. In preparing this book he has had the co-operation of the best scientists to check up on his statements and to insure accuracy. Prof. L. L. Woodruff of Yale, who writes the Foreword of the book, says that "he has demonstrated that it is possible for a layman to put in forceful, popular language a vivid general view of what is meant by organic evolution. He gives just such a survey as a person unacquainted with biology needs for an introduction to some of the large problems of life."

In justice to Mr. Ward we ought to say that he has been working for several years on the manuscript, and that the appearance of the book at this opportune moment must not be construed to mean that he has done a hasty piece of work in order to get to a waiting market.

The book is having an enormous sale and in our opinion is bound to render a great service. It is as interesting as high grade fiction. It sells for $3.50, and may be obtained from the Universalist Publishing House.

The titles of the chapters show clearly the ground covered: Part One—A Description of Evolution: "What John Doe Thinks about Evolution," "The Myriad Forms of Life," "The Tangled Web of Life," "The Varied Modes of Life," "The Jungle of Adaptations," "The Struggle for Existence," "Variation," "Heredity," "Natural Selection." Part Two—The Evidences of Evolution: "What 'Evidences' Are," "The Evidence from the Rivalry of Scientists," "The Evidence from the Rocks," "The Evidence from Geographical Distribution," "The Evidence from Classification," "The Evidence from Artificial Selection," "The Evidence from the Structures of Animals," "The Evidence from Embryos," "The Evidence from Blood." Part Three—The History of Evolution: "Lamarck," "Darwin," "Weismann," "Mendelism," "De Vries's Mutations," "How Evolution Stands To-day," "The Fosdick Idea."

The Editor.

Chapter I. What John Doe Thinks about Evolution

JOHN DOE thinks evolution is "the doctrine that man is descended from monkeys," and he is so amused or so offended at this theory that his whole mind is occupied with it. His conception is ridiculously false. Until John Doe discards that notion and takes a fresh start, he will never understand the subject. Therefore any one who tries to explain evolution to him will fail if he pays the least attention to the "monkey doctrine." In this book there is no reference to any ape-like creature and no discussion of the descent of man.

John Doe thinks that evolution explains the origin of life. But no scientist pretends to know anything about the origin, and in this book nothing is said of a subject which is far beyond the reach of present human knowledge.

John Doe thinks evolution has something to do with "progress"—that it announces some creed of an onward and upward movement toward perfection. Evolution is nothing of the sort; it does not venture into any speculation about the meaning of life or its final goal. In this book there is no doctrine of "progress" and no philosophical reasoning. To the mind of John Doe there is something mystical and awesome about "Evolution," especially if it is printed with a large E. The evolution in this book is usually printed with a small e and means only the very plain scientific theory that every form of plant or animal that ever lived developed out of a previous form.

John Doe guesses that evolution is true, but he rather wishes it were not. He has a vague fear that the theory is materialistic and tends to weaken religious faith. If he reads the opinions of eminent divines in Part Three, he will find that there is no ground for his fear. Recently a young Presbyterian minister said to me, "All our theology is now based on evolution." He represents the thought of many divinity schools to-day.

John Doe suspects from head-lines in his newspaper that evolution is a debatable theory, that it is being overthrown every six months, and that it may be discarded before long. When he has read section four of Chapter XXIV, he will understand that evolution is here to stay; there is no more chance that the theory will be disproved than there is that men will some time give up their belief that the earth is round; every reputable modern scientist believes in it as a matter of course. It is now an integral part of all general education and culture. To suppose that it may some day be abandoned is to live in intellectual barbarism.

To the common horse-sense of John Doe evolution appears probable. "But," he says, "it is not to be seen at work here and now, and so it looks dubious to me." When he has seen the "billion-year movie" in Chapter XII, he will feel relieved.

. . . . . .

If you are not familiar with the history of scientific thought and not too eager to begin to read of evolution, spend a couple of minutes with the next paragraph, which is about the theory that the earth moves. It is an excellent preparation for the chapters that follow.

The normal human brain, unfamiliar with the facts of astronomy, can not conceive that the earth goes around the sun. A thousand generations of the most observant minds that earth could breed never suspected such an idea. Men learned to build great cities and to write poetry and to predict eclipses long before they ever questioned the apparent fact that the sun moves and the earth stands still. Twenty-five centuries ago Babylonian astronomers developed the notion that the earth might be a globe suspended in space, and a Greek philosopher, three centuries later, argued that the earth moved; but very few philos-

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ophers during the next twenty centuries could take this speculation seriously. They could not feel the earth move, and they could see the sun move. Yet the fantastic theory of the earth's movement lingered on in philosophical writings and was considerably discussed in Italy at the time when Columbus was preparing to sail west. Wild as this Pythagorean fancy seemed to most learned people, it appealed strongly to a Polish astronomer who was then studying in Italy. This genius, Copernicus, was equal to the superhuman task of fitting together facts and figures into a proof that the earth spins on its axis every day and travels around the sun every year. Yet because he made one wrong assumption, so that his explanation would not check with all the facts, most scholars continued to laugh at his topsy-turvy theory. During the next two hundred years his proofs carried conviction to very few astronomers. The men who founded Yale and Harvard, like most of their contemporaries in Oxford and Cambridge, believed that the earth was immovable and covered by an immovable "firmament." As late as 1800 there were many cultivated minds that believed it was irreligious to think of the earth's rotating and revolving. Even down almost to our own time the ancient belief was held by many in the United States; in 1880 a colored Baptist preacher of Richmond was still declaring that "the sun do move." His famous sermon was not the vagary of an ignorant negro; it was simply conservatism, only sixty years behind respectable opinion in the foremost American colleges. With such extreme difficulty, after such prolonged controversy, can the human race accept a fact that is not directly apparent to the senses.

In a similar way there was current in the world for two thousand years a speculation that perhaps all animals had developed from earlier and simpler forms, and those again from still earlier and fewer forms, and so on back to a beginning of all life in one lowly species. But this was sheer conjecture. Not until some genius could assemble a vast array of facts, clearly organized as an argument, would the scientists accept so curious a belief. This feat was performed in 1859, when Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published. So revolutionary a theory was bound to meet with opposition; but the argument was so thorough, and leading students of nature were so well prepared for it, that it soon convinced the scholarly world. To-day evolution is universally believed by scientists and is regarded by zoologists and botanists as the fundamental truth on which all their investigations are based.

Chapter II. The Myriad Forms of Life

How many kinds of animals does an ordinary person, intelligent but untrained, know about? We have an answer in the works of Aristotle, as observant and intellectual a man as ever lived. It is probable that he was not acquainted with more than five hundred species; it is doubtful whether many persons ever see in the region where they live more than two hundred species. I once asked a capable boy, who had studied a little school zoology, how many kinds of beetles he thought there were in the world; his answer was "about three in every country." The right answer is "about one hundred thousand well-defined species, plus a greater number of sub-species or varieties."

The contrast between those two estimates is a fair index to the experience that every naturalist has as he grows in knowledge. The few common forms that meet his eyes near his home increase continually as he sharpens his sight and lengthens the radius of his collecting. The revelation, I remember vividly, came to me in this fashion: I was set the school task of making a collection of twenty-five kinds of beetles; this seemed quite an undertaking, for I could not count above a dozen kinds that I knew, most of which I called "bugs"—potato-bugs, tumble-bugs, lady-bugs, June-bugs, and so forth. But as soon as I opened my eyes, the new species appeared at every turn of the road, on every flower, under every bit of bark; the text-book by which I had to classify them named hundreds that I might never see; I learned of a mathematics teacher who had gathered for his amusement five thousand species; I saw eighteen large volumes that were entirely devoted to the beetles of Central America; I found that the world was swarming with myriads of beetles in endless varieties.

Beetles, to be sure, are exceptionally numerous, but they are a fair illustration of the incredible numbers of varieties that you would learn about if you devoted a few years to the study of any family of animals or plants. This is the great preliminary fact that any one must realize before he can enter upon an understanding of evolution. The first step of explanation for a John Doe must be to show him, in some kind of panoramic view, how the forms of life branch out into thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of distinct species. In this chapter we need not define formally what is meant by "species," except to say that it describes one sort of plant or animal that has some distinct difference in its anatomy from all other sorts, and that usually can not cross or breed with other sorts. For example, cabbages and Brussels sprouts are not called two different species, because they are so similar in structure; all our domestic dogs could be called one species; all kinds of field-corn and popcorn are one species. But the grizzly bear and the polar bear are distinct species; a pocket gopher from Kansas and one from California, though they look and act much alike, have to be classed as two distinct species. With such a free-and-easy notion of what a species is, we may now take a flight over the world of life. It will be most convenient to follow an order from the smallest and simplest plants to the higher animals.

Wherever life is abundant in the world, every foot of space teems with invisible plants called bacteria. Some of these are so small as to be beyond the reach of the most powerful microscope, and are guessed at only by their effects in producing disease. Some are so short that fifty thousand of them if placed end to end would reach only one inch, and these are two or three times as large as the germ that is supposed to produce infantile paralysis. Bacteria multiply in such excessive numbers that the mind reels before the figures. For instance, it is estimated that each human being is daily assisted in the digestion of his food by several trillions of these organisms.

Nor must we forget that every individual of the trillions is a highly complex being which digests food by intricate chemical processes and which reproduces itself by a mechanism that is so subtle and complicated as to be beyond comprehension. Bacteria are everywhere, living in the most varied ways. They (and closely related fungi) cause all the decay in the world and produce most of the contagious diseases. Upward of fourteen hundred species have been described.

There are ten thousand species of microscopical algae that produce slime, and six thousand more that produce a muddy deposit, the exquisite "diatoms." There are four thousand species of sea mosses and kelp. There are more than fifty thousand species of those fungi that we know as toadstools and mildews and smuts.

It would be of little use to continue to set down rows of astonishing figures, for the mind can not conceive them nor retain them. But it is of the greatest use to appreciate, if only dimly, something of the extent to which lowly forms of plants are diversified. Even so brief a glimpse as this at the wide expanse of life sets the mind to wondering: "How did it all come about? Why should there be so many different ways of living?"

How many kinds of mosses have you ever heard of? If we had never seen but ten kinds, we could rest with the supposition that they were originally created so; but when we learn that there are sixteen thousand species of these inconspicuous growths and that the more common of the species have varieties that grade off insensibly into varieties of another species, then we can not be content with any such guess at the cause. The more a botanist becomes familiar with the countless varieties of plants, the more certain he feels that he is dealing with some sort of continuous growth of the whole system of organisms. A few dozen different ferns would never have excited a Wallace or a Darwin to cudgel his brains for an interpretation of nature; but the four thousand five hundred species that botanists now know might well cause an inquisitive mind to lie awake at night.

All told there are about one hundred thousand species of this lower division of plants. Of the higher division, the flowering plants, there are more than one hundred and thirty thousand species. Some of the items that make up the total are five thousand grasses, one thousand palms, two thousand lilies, seven thousand orchids, one thousand two hundred cactuses.

More significant than mere numbers is the way in which plants unlike in appearance are found to be alike in their anatomy and way of growing, so that kinds which are very dissimilar in all outward appearance are found to have inwardly a decided family resemblance. Thus elm trees, fig trees, nettles and hops are found to have such a similarity in their flowers that they belong together. The figs include such apparently unlike plants as the rubber tree, the banyan and a vine-like parasite. In another great group the botanists have been obliged to lump together geraniums, flax, oranges, mahogany and castor beans, because they are similar in their ways of propagating. The scientists have no desire to do queer things; they would much prefer to say that rubber trees and milkweeds are alike because of their milky sap; simplicity has always been their aim. But nature has made it impossible for them to find any simple way of classifying. It is as if she had strung the most diverse forms on one thread of structure, and had then so looped and tangled the thread that the botanists are taxed to their wit's ends to straighten it out in anything like orderly sequence. When a man has labored for thirty years at this effort to untangle related forms, he comes to think of plant life as a labyrinth, and he demands a clue. What will guide him? His work would be easier if he could discover that all the crisscrossing forms were originally created as distinct kinds of organism, but the opposite conviction is continually thrust upon him—namely, that these forms are a jungle of variation, that all plant life has forever been altering in character, putting out changes here, there and everywhere.

The puzzle would not amount to much if a species were always a species—if, for example, a certain kind of pine tree were everywhere the same. But within any species there may be endless variations, some of them amounting to striking differences. A grizzly bear, for instance, would seem to be very different from a cinnamon bear; but grizzlies have been found that shade by slight degrees of color and size toward cinnamon bears, and a series of cinnamon bears could be arranged that shade off in color and size to meet the series of grizzlies. No sharp line can be drawn, and hence some scientists have called them all one species.

Another illustration of the endless variegation within a species is a certain small grass, growing commonly in the United States and Europe, *draba verna;* when samples of this are gathered from different parts of the world, it is found that there are many distinct types—no less than two hundred have been counted, each of which will breed as true to itself as a Baldwin apple or a Boston Bull. Each of these types, the so-called "varieties," might be called a species. And any naturalist who cares to cultivate the varieties can breed new ones, he can, as it were, watch the plant branching out into new forms. So with wheat: one acute observer counted in a field no less than twenty-three varieties which would, if separated and cultivated by themselves, continue to produce the twenty-three types of plants. A botanist in Amsterdam once counted seven hundred varieties of hyacinths. It is estimated that American florists have caused fifty species of irises to branch out into one thousand five hundred distinct varieties; that they have developed as many forms of roses; and that there have been produced in the gardens of the world no less than eight thousand varieties of roses. So endless are these variations that botanists have no power to tabulate them; one of the most famous, the Dutchman de Vries, says of hawkweeds, "Thousands of forms may be cultivated side by side in botanical gardens, exhibiting undoubted differentiating features, and producing themselves truly by seed."

What shall a naturalist conclude after he has spent studious decades in watching these ceaseless fluctuations of countless forms of plant life? What shall he think when he takes stock of this medley of

life, this unmapped chaos of contradictions and relationships? He has no chart or compass until he adopts the evolution theory; with it he can always steer a course.

The same remark applies to the zoologist. If men had never known of more than five hundred kinds of animals, they would not have realized that chaos exists and would have laughed at evolution. Down to 1700 the knowledge of the diversity of life was so meager that naturalists did not recognize any mystery. Even after Linnaeus had been compiling data for thirty years—and no more industrious, capable classifier ever lived—he could learn of hardly more than four thousand species; he would never have felt impelled to solve a mystery in 1758. But by 1858 the situation was entirely different; Agassiz then calculated that one hundred and thirty thousand species were listed, and many discerning zoologists began to fear that they were all at sea. Within thirty years from that date the count had more than doubled; and twenty-five years later had almost doubled again—that is, a conservative count had reached 522,000 species. If by that time (1912) the zoologists had not had the aid of the evolution theory, they would have been swamped by the mounting billows of species and sub-species.

To say that in 1912 there were listed in scientific libraries 522,000 species of animals is like speaking of billions of dollars in a public debt—we can not comprehend such a tremendous sum. No more can we have a comprehension of the numbers of animals until we dwell upon a few details. One of the smallest items illuminates the whole subject strikingly: fifty years ago only thirty species of deep-sea fishes had been seen; now there have been dredged up and accurately described more than one thousand species. Linnaeus, the great father of classification, whose fame is still bright, could count only forty-one species of worms; there must be 8,000 known to-day. We now know of 2,500 kinds of sponges, 16,000 of spiders, 3,500 of reptiles, 61,000 of mollusks. Collectors have penetrated the wildest quarters of the globe, have braved the desert heat and the arctic ice, have searched the mountains above and the ocean below; everywhere they have discovered new species by dozens and hundreds. Whereas Linnaeus could count only 444 kinds of birds, we know of over 13,000. He listed only 183 mammals; at present we have accounts of some 3,500.

These figures were compiled by Professor Pratt in 1911, and may be ten per cent under the totals that could be reckoned to-day. If any of the figures are too high, we may be assured that before many years they will be too low; for they are being augmented almost daily. L. O. Howard, one of our greatest entomologists, has said that the number of insects now known may ultimately be multiplied by ten. Men who, like him, have spent a lifetime amid the rising tide of numbers would yawn at our little lists of the hundreds of thousands; for they do not think in terms of arithmetic, but in one term—of a flood of varied life.

And this flood of life now in the world is only a small pool when compared with the ocean of forms that have, during the long history of the world, risen and flourished and become extinct. The geologists are familiar with limitless reaches of changing life that stretch through the millions of years of the geologic ages, glimpses of which may be seen in the fossils. Even the fragments of this ancient history, when pieced together in a list, reached, twenty years ago, the respectable aggregate of eighty thousand species of vanished life. The great naturalist Wallace believed that in the whole past history of extinct forms of animals there "*must* have been thirty or forty times as many species as are now living." He guessed that *probably* there have been on the earth in all its different periods "many hundred times as many species of plants and animals as now exist."

So boundless, to the gaze of a scientist, is the realm of life which we amateurs have tried to skim over in one brief chapter.

Chapter III. The Tangled Web of Life

There is nothing baffling about mere numbers of species. If the naturalists had never been confronted with any problem more puzzling than half a million or a hundred million species, they would never have been driven to seek out an evolution theory. The previous chapter gave several indications of the real mystery: the tangle of forms. Only a lifetime of experience would give a partial conception of the endless series of kinds that shade gradually into other series of kinds. In this chapter we can do no more than view, as from an airplane, distantly, a few of the thousands of bewildering facts known intimately by scientists.

* * *

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tide on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth.

Our Prayers Together

Grace F. White

Sunday, September 20

After this manner, therefore, pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven.

Matthew 6 : 9.

We need the constant inflow of the divine spirit, the constant presence of God. We need the divine strength. We need to be fed from on high; and prayer out of earnest hearts will surely bring God into our lives. It will surely renew us for our labor, and give into our hearts the divine patience and the divine wisdom. It will surely enlarge our faith and awaken our love: it will enable us to follow our Lord, to walk as he walked, and to be blessed, as he was blessed, in sorrow, in temptation, in toil.

Warren S. Woodbridge.

Our Father which art in heaven—even as our Saviour went often into solitude to pray for renewal and uplift and illumination, so would we daily seek the quiet places to meditate upon Thy wondrous love and Thine unfailing power: so would we tell Thee in secret our longing, our fear, our grief, our weakness; so would we bring Thee grateful praise for the comfort and joy and peace that Thou hast bestowed upon us. Grant us to know Thee better, to love and serve Thee faithfully, and to be strong in Thy might. *Amen.*

Monday, September 21

Ye shall walk after the Lord your God, and fear him; and keep his commandments, and obey his voice; and ye shall serve him and cleave unto him.

Deuteronomy 13 : 4.

To love God, and to seek to serve and please Him, is the sum of human duty, and it is forever incredible that God should demand any more, or be satisfied with any less. The divine aim is to bring men into loving recognition and acceptance of the divine will. Forgiveness by the heavenly Father is no more difficult than forgiveness by an earthly father and, in both cases, what is desired is the establishment of the filial spirit in the heart and will of the wayward child. And this is salvation in the ethical sense, and the only salvation with which we have any practical concern.

Borden P. Bowne.

O Thou who wilt have all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth, we thank Thee for the revelation of Thyself in our Lord and Saviour. He wins us to a knowledge and love of Thee and to a desire to serve Thee with all our hearts. Help us, dear Father of us all, that we may walk in the light of Thy commandments. *Amen.*

Tuesday, September 22

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

John 15 : 4.

A vital force lies back of all the growth of human character, as it lies back of all growth of the external world. And, as the countless lilies of the field confess to one common, pervading vital force, so the leaves of the tree of life, the branches of the true vine, are the organic outgrowth of the same principle. This common, pervading life is Christ.

J. L. Diman.

We thank Thee, our God and Father, for the life that is, and for the life that is to be. We thank Thee that Thou art infinite in wisdom and power and love. We thank Thee for Thine abundant provision for our needs, and for our advancement in all that makes for rightness of living. For the gift of our Saviour who lived and loved and served among men, to the end that all Thy children should know Thee as Thou art, we bless Thee. We pray that we may answer his call, that we may glorify Thee and be his true disciples. *Amen.*

Wednesday, September 23

The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. If we live in the spirit, let us also walk in the spirit.

Galatians 5 : 22, 23, 25.

"The one great truth to which we all need to come, is that a successful life lies not in doing this, or going there, or possessing something else; it lies in the quality of our daily life.

"It is just as surely success to be just and courteous to servants or companions or the chance comer as it is to make a noted speech before an audience, or write a book, or make a million dollars. It is an achievement on the spiritual side of things; it is the extension of our life here into the spiritual world that is, alone, of value."

Thou gracious God, we pray Thee that we may reflect Thy spirit in all that we think or do or say, that eternal life may, even now, be our portion, and that Thy Kingdom may be within us. So may we be Thy messengers to any, carrying good tidings and radiating love and sympathy that they may glorify Thee—our Father in heaven. *Amen.*

Thursday, September 24

Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning, for in thee do I trust. Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto thee. Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God. Thy spirit is good: lead me into the land of uprightness.

Psalm 143 : 8, 10.

The real dignity of the soul should make us superior both to selfishness and wrong-doing. It should inspire consideration for others, and the preservation of our own life from all unrighteousness. In the crowded avenues of the world, amid its hurrying throngs, it bids us turn to the right for the sake of others; and where ways diverge or cross, it urges us for our own sake to turn to the right, choosing the paths of virtue and honor.

Abram Conklin.

O Thou who hast created us living souls, inspire

us more and more by Thy holy spirit that we may choose and follow Thy precepts, that more and more nearly we may realize in our own lives the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. And to Thee be the offering of ourselves to be made worthy according to Thy loving kindness. *Amen.*

Friday, September 25

In every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart and prospered.

2 *Chronicles* 31 : 21.

In our least concern, as in our greatest, God should be present in our thought, that we may labor earnestly, persistently, cheerfully, and with all our hearts toward worthy accomplishment.

Whether all our endeavors bear fruit, or no, the fact that we work as unto the Lord will be the assurance of energy, courage, satisfaction. Having done our best, we may leave to God the rest.

He will not fail to prosper our souls.

G. F. W.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, our help cometh from Thee, and never do Thy promises fail us. Grant us grateful hearts for all Thy mercies, and willing minds and hearts to seek and serve Thee. Help us to feel Thy presence and Thy power, and bless our endeavors of love and sympathy and service as they meet Thine approval. *Amen.*

Saturday, September 26

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Psalm 103 : 13.

In the heart of every hardship is a blessing. In the bosom of every hindrance is a help. If we live humbly and faithfully and do not worry, if we only believe in God when things seem contrary, we shall all find, in ways mysterious, that the Lord has given us twice as much as we had before.

George H. Morrison.

O Thou merciful and gracious God who executest righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed, we cast our care upon Thee, and wait for Thy healing and Thy help. Thou wilt not leave us nor forsake us, and we put our trust in Thee. As it seemest good unto Thee, so be it unto us Thy children. *Amen.*

Seen on a Leisurely Journey---III

A Sentimental Journey to Brittany

Lee S. McCollester

THE "Leisurely Journeying" goes merrily on, shaping and changing its course to the currents and opportunities that come with each day. The cream of our whole trip has been this leisurely quality, this freedom from fixed dates and round-trip tickets. Would we stay a week where we had thought to spend only a day? It can be done and no one disturbed. Did a chance come for an expedition never heard of until it was met? This can be accepted and no hostess be distressed at the unexpected or the delayed arrival of strange guests. This leisureliness of our journeying has given us a multitude of profitable and novel experiences not mentioned in the printed itineraries of travel and not starred in Baedeker. It was this quality of leisureliness that made it possible to suit ourselves to the program of the dedication of the John Murray Tablet at Alton, England, and yet be in Paris in time to make a "Sentimental Journey to Brittany."

It is strange how much one can do if one has a little free time in between the several things to be done. Thus, for example, we left Paris on Monday morning at 8.25 and reached London by way of Dover at 4.15. That afternoon and evening we visited with a Detroit friend who had lost all his luggage between Ireland and England and was buying a dress suit, a business suit, a thin overcoat for England, a heavy overcoat for Norway, a sporting suit for golf links, and we had with him all the excitement of counting the minutes between the delivery by the tailors and the catching of the last train that would catch his boat for Norway. We welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Skinner to their hotel the next night, as they taxied up from the London dock of their steamer. Between such visits we bused and taxied about London to many of our beloved spots, and were ready on Wednesday to go down to Alton to dedicate the John Murray Tablet. Here we had the pleasure of a little chat with Dr. Hall after the service, and were back in London in time for bed. Early the next morning we taxied across the city for the Paris train, which landed us in Paris at 4.20 in the afternoon, where we had tea with friends who were sailing the next day, repacked our bags and took the train at 8 o'clock for Brest. All of this was possible because we were journeying leisurely.

Brest is nearly four hundred miles from Paris, and many make the trip by night, even sitting up all the way, thinking it a saving of time. So few, however, are the people who make this trip that no sleepers are run, but instead a first-class couchette. The couchette is an invention of the French for the misery of men, women, and babies. In our party we had two women, two men, and one baby, all our own, and, with our baggage, we filled full our compartment. The couchette is a compartment with four cushioned shelves, two on a side, running crosswise of the car. The shelves have no bedding, but blankets and pillows can be rented on the station platform before starting. A woman attendant accompanies the train. Our ride was from eight in the evening to seven in the morning, and we were thankful when it was ended, even if our arrival was into the proverbial rain that always falls in Brest. A motor car was waiting to take us to Trez-Hir, twelve miles from Brest, where is a small Breton seashore hotel.

As I have stated, this journey was conceived, born, and nurtured in sentiment. No one goes to this far end of Finistere who is not impelled by sentiment. The sentiment may be of art, as with one who seeks to paint the quaint people and the bleak coasts. It may be of literature, as with a Hugo who seeks to interpret in story the heart of a people that suffers much. And it may be, as in our case, to see and feel what some of our near family have seen and told us about.

The origin of our "sentimental journey" to Brittany was in the fact that the two boys in our family had been stationed in Brest for eighteen months during the Great War. Their tasks had been important and exacting. They had been in charge of receiving from the transports and transferring to the trains for the front the million boys who landed at Brest, and it had been likewise their task to receive back from train and put on shipboard our boys at the end of the war. On these soggy docks and in the deep mud of the railway yards these boys had seen the new boys coming in, glad to be past mines and submarines, and they had likewise seen the wounded and dying taking ship in the hope of once more seeing their native land. Our first sentiment was to see the docks, the yards, the offices, and the harbor where these boys had performed their service, and then to see the French people who had been good to our boys and to all American boys, and then after that to see the real Breton life of this region, where the tourist and the Parisian is seldom seen.

The first step in this "sentimental journey" had been to locate ourselves at this remote little hotel on the shore of Trez-Hir. The special spot is a small sandy shore on the outer harbor of Brest. In the war time, American transports and cruisers often anchored just off this inlet as they were waiting to come into the inner harbor, or to get information that the sea outside was clear of German submarines. Many days during our visit, French men-of-war anchored near enough our shore so that we could count the shirts drying in the rigging. The little hotel has a story of its own. It is owned by one of the families with whom our boys were intimate when in Brest, and according to their story it was not built for a hotel. The ancestor who built it already had an ancestral chateau about four miles away inland. He married a young wife and brought her to this gloomy, forlorn Finistere region. To make her contented and cheer her life, the count built this chateau as a place to which she might bring her gay friends from court. But this enterprise did not prove successful. The gay courtiers were not easily induced to this far corner, and if they came once they never made the long journey a second time, and at last this building ceased to be a place of gaiety, a resort of beauty, and degenerated into a quiet, orderly Breton hotel. The old chateau, of which this was to be a sort of annex, is, to our thinking, a far more attractive place than this. In fact that one is not one chateau but two, which to-day carry the names of the old chateau and the new chateau.

The new one is old as America reckons age. In the days of the war, when our boys went out to it for a week end, it was the home of the present count and its rooms were attractive with old furniture and valuable tapestry of great age. The old chateau in the war days was made a prison for the Germans, and on Christmas evening the German boys, who were, be it said, well content to be prisoners of the French since this ended war for them, were allowed a Christmas tree in the big kitchen, and here on Christmas eve they sang the songs they had been accustomed to sing at home in the days of peace. Tears were in the eyes of the German lads who loved not war, and in the eyes of the American lads who thought of sacred ornaments on the family Christmas-tree three thousand miles away.

The old count and young countess have been gone for many years, but when they built their "Palace of Play" they did us a favor and put it where we are best pleased to have it. It is in every way just what we Americans wanted to find in old Brittany. It is in that part of Brittany which is as yet least touched by travel. All about the region are the simple, unworldly Breton folk: gaunt, slow, and too often drunken men, and browned, muscular women whose caps of various fashions adorn faces worn and solemn, serious and moral. The doors of their houses and the fingers of their hands are dark and dirty, but their window curtains and their caps are pertly starchy and spotlessly clean. I think many of these good Breton dames know not the meaning of a bath, but woe to one of them who comes among her neighbors on the roadway without her bonnet newly starched.

Our little hotel was run in truly Breton fashion. No Parisians with city manners come here; the guests are wholly people of the near-by towns, who are a patient, contented folk getting joy from simple pleasures. Did the electricity give out at nine and was no one to be found who could put in a new fuse until the next afternoon? No one was disturbed. Or did the bus fail to get its passengers to the early morning train? The passengers then had but to wait for the train of the next day. Whatever happened was all a part of life and to be taken as it came. On the beach every one was perfectly free to lie upon the sand and swim far out beyond the surf. Old servants were usually a part of the family group and often bossed the whole party. Everything was simple, quiet, orderly, and yet, after a quiet manner, exceedingly joyous. If one can conform to this mental state in Brittany, he may be happy. We were happy, and from our two weeks at this land's end we gathered memories which will increase in their value.

Brittany has always been sought by artists and authors. Some of the poems and sea sketches of Victor Hugo take their color from the rocks, the sea, and the people of these coasts. Painters of to-day come down here to get color and simplicity, and, as an American artist familiar with this region said to me on the steamer coming home, to "learn character and soul." One must often ask himself, as he sees the men with their hats and long streamers out behind and the women with their starched head-gear, what would have happened if these people with strong faces and simple tastes had been sent to the Sorbonne or to Oxford. The two old women who each night drove the cows down the lane near our hotel did it

with a seriousness of its being a life vocation, the salvation of souls. I could not discover what they thought, or if they thought at all, but when I saw them at church in their clean attire performing their religious tasks as if to them the priest was a God and Heaven was above the altar top, I felt there was here a stability such as nations may well put as the foundation of their government.

An aspect of the country that greatly interested was their way of dividing their land into little fields. I have known and built New England stone walls, but I never saw a fencing of fields and pastures, of lands and roads, that puzzled me so much as did the fencing of the fields of Brittany. The people seem to think that gardens and pastures must be protected. They begin the process by heaping up the earth along the lot lines. At first the earth and stone are only high enough to keep tame cows from trespassing, but these fences grow. Grass flourishes on top of them and then small shrubs take root. Each season the earth on both sides is shoveled upon the existing ridge of earth, then new grass takes root and the shrubs grow stronger. Year by year this process goes on until to-day the fields are surrounded by earth walls often ten and twelve feet high, and on top grow shrubs, and this fence becomes a small hill on which is raised fire-wood for the cotters on winter nights. The effect of these fences is that the traveler in the highway walks between two earth walls and scarcely sees the landscape, and when he does get a chance to view the landscape from a distance they make the whole country seem a patchwork quilt of irregular fields and varying colors. In a few places the farmers are beginning to take away these dividing earthworks and make their fields suited to the use of machinery. While they last, however, farming must be with hand tools and the son will walk in the rut his father made.

An artist told me that these people are "spiritual," and I believe this may be true if it means that they live in the consciousness of a great soul in the universe. They are almost wholly Catholic. They do not think about the doctrines. They go to church faithfully. They believe implicitly. They are kind to one another. They are extremely poor. Little things please. Death walks in the sea, where some of the men go forth to fish, and it walks upon the land, where the labor is extremely hard and the climate chilling to the bone. I wonder if I know much more than they about life and if I am happier than they! I like my life better, perhaps that is all!

Other of our experiences were in the homes of people who had been especially good to our boys in the war time. One noon we lunched at a home where these boys had often gone for music, friendship, and the motherly and fatherly welcome. The home is an apartment up five flights of stone stairs. The man holds a lifetime office in the city government. His salary is small, his extras are few, and yet the atmosphere of this house is one of culture. We were first shown into a room that seemed a studio. It was full of articles that indicated an artistic temperament. At first we wondered how this family had accumulated from its small income all of these articles that come from eastern lands. Later we learned, by chance, that these were accumulated because the members of the family preferred to spend for art to please the soul rather than for gratifications to the body. Luncheon over, we were asked to climb a dark, narrow, straight-up stairway which opened into the real living room on the top floor and gave from the balcony a view of the whole harbor of Brest and the Black Mountains away beyond.

We had not fully finished our coffee or exhausted our study of the paintings on the wall, when a young man, of the age of one of the sons of the family, burst into the room and told with many gestures and great enthusiasm a story which put into the background everything that had preceded, and stirred the members of the family with an emotion that we did not at first fathom. We looked on, wondering at the gestures. At first we were in a quandary whether the message brought was one of joy or sorrow. We were soon enlightened, and found that the meaning of it all was that the young man of this family had just taken his examinations for a professional career. If he passed this examination, the future would open to him generous opportunities. If he failed, he might not have another chance for this most desirable opening. That he should pass this was both longed for honor and also an open way to a profession and to better days of finance for him and for the family. The lad who came bursting into the room was his chum, and he had read upon the bulletin board on the outside of the town hall the joyous fact that ———'s name was among the successful contestants. As the news was announced, the father embraced the son and kissed him on both cheeks, and the son embraced the father and kissed him on both cheeks, and then the mother and son embraced and kissed, and then the mother and father caught him between them and embraced and kissed him and then embraced and kissed each other. After all of this, we came forward with our congratulations and our embraces. It was a solemn and triumphant moment. All the family had sacrificed that this son might advance. He had been faithful to his opportunities and appreciative of the sacrifices of his family. His failure meant other delays, more sacrifices, perhaps a less desirable life, but he and they had succeeded. Their fears were dissipated, the future was assured, and for us to have been in at this most sacred moment of a family emotion was an event never to be forgotten.

I have spoken of visiting two chateaux near by our hotel, the old one and the new. But there is still another chateau belonging to this same family and we went over there for a day. It is older and larger than the others and is the real home of the family when they are not in Paris. It is fifty miles to the east of Brest in a much better farming territory than the other. This chateau in its structure might well rank with the chateaux which the tourists visit along the Loire. It is a building constructed around a court. In the old part are great dining and living rooms, in each of which are fireplaces ample enough for the roasting of a sheep or for the warming of half a dozen hunters. Fine toned oak makes the ceiling and the floors; tapestry covers the walls; and ancient portraits gaze down from all sides of the rooms. The chateau is built around a large court

and in one corner of the quadrangle is a chapel and beneath it is the vault wherein have been buried members of this family for several generations. While showing us this part of the chateau the children went in and out of the chapel and down into the crypt where fresh flowers had been placed in front of the several vaults, and they seemed as much at home as if they were in the parlor or the play room. This familiarity of old and young with the vaults where lay the bodies of those who according to their faith were to have the resurrection of these bodies, aroused wonder in our minds, and it seemed rather good that these children should be so fearless of life and death.

On the second floor of this chateau are a large number of rooms sufficient for the family, which consists of eleven children, and on the third floor are still other rooms for the "sometime guest." Of unusual interest to me was a third floor section which was given over wholly to the children. In one room were desks for study, in a second were tools and games and workshop, and in the third were dolls' houses three stories high, one for each of the girls of the family, and each perfectly equipped with doll furniture perfect to the finest detail.

As we sat around the big table in the state dining room at dinner, an elderly woman seemed to be the head of the occasion, moving to and fro, sometimes serving, sometimes spoken to by the hostess, and sometimes called by the children. She had a thoughtful and wonderfully sweet face, and what we noticed most was the familiar way in which she was treated by every member, from the count to the smallest girl. She was the mother-nurse of all the children of the family, and though servant she was loved and served by every one.

Too often we find French home life is judged by what tourists see in Paris at midnight. It is no more fair to measure American home life by the cabaret of New York than French home life by seeing Paris at midnight. During our weeks in Paris and here in Brittany, we entered the homes of the poor and the rich, and in all places we found a sweetness and an affection and an intimacy that won our praise.

As we were sitting at after dinner coffee out in front of the chateau under the trees I said to the count: "I welcome these visits with you in Paris and here again in Brittany, for I can not say too much in thanks to you and your family for the many kindnesses you showed our boys when they were here in service." The count raised his hand to stay my words and said: "I am glad if I could do anything for those boys. We were fond of them, but they performed a very great service for us, for we found ourselves often in perplexity to know what some of your American officials meant by their words and orders. Your boys often interpreted to us what we could not fully understand, and they kept up our courage when often the technical terms of officials confused us." And then he said: "If we are to have peace in this world and enjoy our business and our families, the nations of the world must get together. The great war taught us that nations can not live for and by themselves. We are all parts of each other. The League of Nations may not wholly satisfy any of us but it is the best thing yet. It is at least a step in the right direction. America ought to have come in at the beginning, but she has got to come in by and by, and Germany also must come in. Germany can not be kept out. She was wrong and caused great suffering, more to us than to anybody else, but she is one of the greatest nations and the world must save her. We can not forget what she did, but we must forgive. If the nations of the world do not get together, we shall suffer worse things than ever before. Do not judge the French people," the count added, "by our politicians. The heart of France is all right, and the French common people are grateful to America."

In rehearsing old events and discussing French and American people, we heard a story about our boys in war time that greatly amused us. These college men were enlisted men and never got any high army rank, but the work given them was important and strenuous and brought them into intimate relations with the French government at Brest. The story is that on the arrival of a new American general to take command at Brest, the French admiral of the port gave a reception for the new American official. It was an important function, but there appeared at this reception to high officials these two young American lieutenants. The next morning the American general, having noticed these youths at the party, sent his aide to inquire why these men of low official rank were present among the high officials of the port. The answer was complimentary to them but surprising to the general, namely: "We had received personal invitations from the admiral of the port." The general was equal to the situation and replied: "If the admiral of the port invites you to his receptions, then I must put you on my staff, petty officers though you be."

One friendship leads on to another, and so it was one day we found ourselves invited to a personal and private inspection of the flag ship of the Mediterranean Fleet which had come into the harbor of Brest for a four days' visitation. We had tea in the admiral's cabin. In the course of the conversation at the tea table, a young French officer who had been a commander of a French ship in the English Channel during the war said: "War is awful. It never settles anything. France is worse off now than even in the war days. We shall have wars for a long time to come because the brute instinct in man is strong, and unless nations find a way to be friendly, mankind will perish through these wars. I do not take much stock in the League of Nations. To my mind it has not accomplished much." And then he said: "I have been in the United States, but your American people are too eager for money. You do not live enough for big ideals. You seek happiness in wealth. You are not able to be happy on a little as are most of the French people, and you hate worse than we do those with whom you have contests. I think you hate the Germans now more than we. They did us awful harm and yet I as a soldier respect them for their courage. They fought for their fatherland even as I fought for France. The wars are over for the time being. We must try to save Germany, else we shall perish in our own hatred." He continued: "There may be a federation of the big nations of France, England, Italy, and Germany, but the Asiatic and

African worlds have not yet found themselves, and some nations with the best civilization must combine to direct the ideals of the world. Your America must give more attention to ideals and to sentiment. You will be destroyed if you lose this vision and if your main struggle is simply for commercial supremacy."

The story of our "Sentimental Journeying in Brittany" is not half told, but it must end now. It was a leisurely journeying full of remarkably rich experiences, and the best of our joys came because we had time to loiter and let things happen for and to us. It was with a heavy heart that we turned towards Paris and Rotterdam and America—and I shall hear the voice of Betty Lee singing her farewell through the early morning Breton mist, "*Au revoir*, Grandpa, Lee-Lee-Lee," until she sings it to me some day soon on this side the great ocean. Sentimental to the end, you see!

Remarkable Progress at St. Lawrence

MONDAY, Aug. 31, marked a red letter day in the history of St. Lawrence University, Canton, and the North Country, for at three o'clock the corner-stones of the Gunnison Memorial Chapel and the Hepburn Chemical Laboratory were laid with impressive exercises. How great the struggle in the past has been, but the university has moved toward the Greater St. Lawrence! How often have all dreamed of it during long years! It is no longer a promise but an assured fact. Around it have grown up great men and great women who have rallied to its support. At its head stands Dr. Sykes. History alone will write of his wonderful achievements. At the head of the trustees stands Owen D. Young, an international figure. There is devotion and enthusiasm on all sides.

At three o'clock the trustees met in the president's office and, garbed in their academic gowns, formed a procession to the Gunnison Memorial Chapel, where the exercises were held, and then to the Hepburn Laboratory for the laying of the corner-stone of that edifice. In each case the secretary, Richard C. Ellsworth, read a list of the contents of the box placed in the stone.

Address of Owen D. Young

Mr. Young opened the ceremonies by saying:

"We are here to see that the foundations of two new buildings for this college are well and truly laid. These buildings will house the activities of our hearts and minds. Both are made of the same material, but each is fashioned by its builder to serve its separate purpose. The one is a laboratory of science, the other is a temple of religion. Here they will stand side by side through coming years, not in conflict but in helpfulness and inspiration to each other. At St. Lawrence we are not afraid that the activities of our brains will destroy the fundamentals of our religion. However great the progress of science, however thrilling the researches of chemistry may be, they will not on this hill undermine our faith. So we welcome both structures and the things for which they stand. We congratulate those who made them possible. We thank them too.

"These buildings will bear the names of two men, both well known and loved in this community. Both were servants and benefactors of men, not only here but wherever their lives touched the lives of others. Both exemplified those qualities for which we should always like this college to stand. The buildings are memorials to Almon Gunnison and to A. Barton Hepburn, and they are a testimonial to the energy, devotion and faith of Richard Eddy Sykes. Ladies and gentlemen, it is with pride and gratitude always that I introduce the President of the University."

Address of Dr. Sykes

Before the memorial chapel prayer was offered by the Rev. H. P. Morrell, then President Sykes said:

"Sixty-nine years ago the founders of St. Lawrence University together with a large number of people assembled to lay the corner-stone of its first building, now Richardson Hall.

"They were men and women who believed that the object of education is character in the sense of noble purpose, exact intellectual attainments and a true philosophy of life.

"In keeping with their spirit and purpose we have been chosen to continue the work which they began. We have come to lay the corner-stone of a chapel that subsequently we purpose to dedicate as a place of prayer and worship in which succeeding generations of students may receive inspiration to take and ever follow the upward path.

"Educators sometimes say to students that they will get out of their college course in the form of education what they put into it in the form of effort. There is much truth in this doctrine and we should continue to proclaim it. But it is equally true that students unconsciously from college associations and surroundings take away with them something not anticipated which they have absorbed. There is a subtle influence about every college that we may properly call atmosphere which exerts a power over youth.

"Young people at the beginning of their college courses are not aware of this dynamic power, but it will have much to do in moulding their lives for good or ill. It is plainly the duty of every college to provide an atmosphere which will be wholesome, invigorating and in every way helpful in forming sound character and cultivating a spirit of freedom and reverence.

"The atmosphere of a college does not come spontaneously, but must be created and by constant vigilance kept pure, for it can easily be vitiated by injecting into it mental and moral poisons that tend to paralyze high ideals and unselfish endeavor.

"Uniformity in theological opinion is neither possible nor desirable in a college. . . . It seems to me that the greatest good which could come to the colleges would be to have them dominated by the mind of Christ. To the splendid fellowship of scholars let there be added the spirit of good will, disinterestedness and a practical capacity to serve one's fellow men.

"This chapel, beautiful and impressive in design, dominating not only the campus but the entire countryside, will aid in creating an atmosphere in which the religious life of the students will be enriched; with the brief chapel service conducted by one to whom prayer is a real communion with God, with music voicing the great hymns of the ages which unite the hearts of all, an abiding impression for good will be made which will grow stronger to the end of life.

Tributes to Almon Gunnison

"Dr. Almon Gunnison from his student days in the sixties to the time of his death was closely identified with this University of the North Country. He was a man of most winning personality and charm, wide vision, ardent enthusiasm, undying love and loyalty. Where he gave his heart he never faltered. Alike through sunshine and shadow, in health and sickness, in days of success and in times of apparent failure, he planned, worked and pleaded for his university with the ardor of a lover.

"Chiefly through his efforts, ably and faithfully seconded by those of his associates on the faculty and board of trustees, the greater St. Lawrence began to unfold. To-day we honor ourselves in erecting this appropriate and beautiful memorial. Could Almon Gunnison speak, he would say in ringing voice, 'Let those who labored before me and with me share in the honors, as they did in bearing the burdens.' "

Judge C. W. Appleton, of New York, trustee and graduate, class of '97, paid tribute to Dr. Almon Gunnison, in whose memory the chapel is built, as follows:

"Almon Gunnison was born in Hallowell, Maine, March 2, 1844, the second son of Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison, a Universalist minister who rendered loyal service to the cause of the Union at Halifax, Nova Scotia, during the Civil War, and Ann Foster, his wife, a daughter of Captain Freeman Foster, of Cape Cod. He was educated at Dalhousie College, Halifax, the Green Mountain Seminary at South Woodstock, Vermont, Tufts College, and the Theological School of St. Lawrence University, from which he graduated in 1868.

"The Theological School was opened in 1858 and the first class graduated in 1861. There had been only forty-one students in the Theological School when Almon Gunnison was admitted, and the numbers in the College of Letters and Science were small. Thus almost from the beginning of the university until his death, Almon Gunnison was one of the most loyal and devoted sons of St. Lawrence.

"Following his graduation in 1868 he was married to Miss Ella Everest, daughter of a well-known Canton family and sister of Mrs. William R. Remington, an aunt of Frederick Remington.

"Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison visited Canton in 1868 and was present at the graduation and marriage of his son. He died in 1871, and upon the urgent advice of Almon, Mrs. Gunnison and her two younger sons, Walter Balfour and Herbert Foster, made their permanent home in Canton. From that time until the present the Gunnison family has been closely identified with St. Lawrence University and this beautiful village. Walter graduated in 1875 from the college and was professor of the Latin Language and Literature here for many years. Herbert graduated in 1880. All of the three brothers have been trustees of the university.

"Almon Gunnison had but three pastorates, for three years at Bath, Maine, nineteen years in Brooklyn, and ten years in Worcester, Mass.

"In 1899 he was called to the presidency of the university. With his knowledge of the university and its graduates and his wide acquaintance elsewhere he was equipped to do a notable work. Among his achievements were the addition of more than $200,000 to the endowment of the college, upwards of $40,000 to the endowment of the Theological School, the establishment of the Brooklyn Law School and of the New York State School of Agriculture at St. Lawrence University, the station of the United States Weather Bureau Building, the erection of Carnegie Hall and the Cole Reading Room, the remodeling of Richardson Hall, and the erection of the magnificent Weeks Athletic Field. He was the first to advocate free scholarships in colleges. During his administration the numbers of the students increased from 140 to nearly 700, in the university. He resigned from the presidency in 1914, having long before made up his mind to retire from active work on reaching the age of three score and ten years. He became President Emeritus and lived in Brooklyn, to be near his son, the late Frederick Gunnison, where he died June 30, 1917, revered and beloved by all who knew him. He was an honorary Doctor of Divinity of his Alma Mater and a Doctor of Laws of Tufts and Union Colleges. For many years he was a valued contributor to the *Christian Leader*, the *New York Evening Post*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and other periodicals. Wayside and Fireside Rambles and Rambles Overland are two of his delightful books. His daughter, Mrs. Lulu Harrington, after his death, published some of his newspaper articles in book form under the title Random Rambles."

Secretary Ellsworth announced that the copper box placed in the corner-stone contained photographs of Dr. Almon Gunnison, Owen D. Young, President Richard Eddy Sykes, a sermon by Dr. Gunnison written in Worcester in '91, letters from the late A. G. Gaines to a friend written in '91, two manuscript sermons by Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison, father of Almon Gunnison, a copy of the life of Nathaniel Gunnison and the Gunnison family, commencement programs, college publications, the general catalogues, a booklet of campus views, annual reports of the secretary and treasurer and August 25, 1925, copies of the local papers, with copies of the addresses delivered Monday.

The corner-stone was then laid by members of the Gunnison family present, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Gunnison, Mr. and Mrs. Foster Gunnison and Miss Elsa Gunnison.

At the Hepburn Laboratory

Before the Hepburn Laboratory prayer was offered by the Rev. Melford L. Brown, '80, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Mt. Vernon.

Dr. Sykes spoke in part as follows:

"It is fitting and in keeping with the traditions of this college that the same day and hour on which we

lay the corner-stone of a chapel to be dedicated to prayer and worship we also engage in a like ceremony in the construction of a building to be hereafter devoted to the advancement of science. What we discover in the material world and apply to satisfying human needs is a revelation of God and His goodness and wisdom. The study of Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics is finding God's thoughts in these realms not simply to satisfy curiosity, but also to add to the joy and worth of our lives while on earth.

"Those of us who have even a superficial knowledge of the sciences of Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics and Biology are nevertheless their beneficiaries. St. Lawrence University is most fortunate in having as chairman of its board of trustees Mr. Owen D. Young, who at the same time is a Christian gentleman, a profound believer in the Christian religion, and the directing mind in one of the greatest, if not the greatest, companies in the world for the advancement of science and its application to satisfying the needs of human life. It is most fitting then, that on the same day we lay the corner-stones of a chapel and a chemical laboratory, buildings devoted to religious and scientific research.

Tributes to A. B. Hepburn

"It is equally fitting and fortunate that this building is to bear the name of one of the most distinguished sons of the North Country, a man whose name not only here but nationally and internationally is a synonym for honor, trained intelligence, business integrity, wise and far-seeing philanthropy. Many colleges and other institutions for the promotion of human welfare in this and other countries were benefited by his wisdom and bounty; he accumulated to give, and he gave to serve.

"The story of Mr. Hepburn's life is one of the inspiring traditions of the North Country. His biography, written by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, a copy of which is placed in the box to be deposited in the corner-stone, is a book which many times I have commended to the students, to others and now to you. His life will be a source of inspiration to succeeding classes of students so long as this university endures.

"During my undergraduate days a young lady from Vermont, Miss Emily L. Eaton, registered in the college and soon became active in its life. She was often seen coming across the campus with her brother-in-law, Prof. Henry Priest, to early morning classes. The professor, a large and powerful man, took exceptionally long strides and it required strenuous effort on the part of Miss Eaton to keep the step and pace.

"She succeeded in this as she has in all the activities of her subsequent life. It was during her college days that the attachment was formed which culminated in marriage, the year following her graduation, and made her a sharer in the brilliant career of her husband.

"As I recall those far away days and the intervening years culminating in this hour, the careers of these two people whose names are jointly associated in the erection of this building appear to be one of the great romances of American life."

Address of Mrs. Hepburn

Mrs. Hepburn spoke as follows:

"We have come to lay the corner-stone of Hepburn Hall of Chemistry, another expression of gratitude which Mr. Hepburn had for the people of the North Country. He could never do enough to express his tender feelings toward the good friends of St. Lawrence County, who made it possible for him to have the opportunities to develop and use the great powers with which he was endowed, and of which this building is the proof. I am certain that it would be a great joy to him to know that he had made it possible to have on this campus a building that perhaps serves the greatest need of the college, this building which will be frequented by a large proportion of the students in their search after scientific truth. He believed in the small college, for he once said: 'I look upon the small college as a most important factor in the economy of our nation. I believe the small college has a call and a responsibility, I might almost say a mission to perform, in our educational system.'

"As I stand here on this occasion my mind goes back to the time when I was crossing this campus on the way to the college to my next recitation, with my mind full of anxiety as to the questions I might be called upon to answer. Just forty years ago I was returning to St. Lawrence a senior, ready to complete the course which was to prepare for my life work. It is my firm belief that no student ever had a better preparation than did I under the personal supervision of Dr. Baines. In psychology, in Bascom's ethics, in logic and Butler's Analogy, administered in his masterly way, a vision of life was given to me which I have been struggling to attain from time to time.

"It has been my fate to live a complicated and complex life in a large city. Temptations have been many and we have erred and strayed from our ways like lost sheep. It has been the experience of each and all of us. We may not be willing to admit it—that our judgment has led us to chase a butterfly, to take a track which we may have followed a number of years only to find that the result was thin air, or at least nothing worth while. We floundered about, but finally return to St. Lawrence to find that standards here are holding the even tenor of their way and we are brought again to our senses, and leave our Alma Mater refreshed with a clearer vision of substantial things.

"The boys and girls of New England stock of the North Country, are blessed indeed in their inheritance. They still have great respect for the characteristics of the Pilgrim Fathers, a peculiar sense of individuality and responsibility actuated by a sense of duty and a spirit of liberty. They will go forth to meet and counteract the great wave of radicalism and unrest which we can not deny exists, coming to our shores from many foreign countries.

"St. Lawrence must train and educate these young men and women of fine quality to go out into the world to leaven the whole lump. These are some of the reasons why we, her alumni and friends, must see to it that she is properly equipped to perform her task, that she is doing and has done for many years so well.

"It is a great joy to me to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Hepburn and join with him in this gift of this building to the college. It is only a symbol of the great gratitude I feel to St. Lawrence University for the great benefits I have received at her hands. I am experiencing now the greatest pleasure of my life in this contribution to my Alma Mater. May it be not only of great benefit to the students of chemistry of St. Lawrence, but a beautiful building which will have a share in developing an atmosphere of knowledge and learning and beauty to hold the love and affection of all her students."

Secretary Ellsworth handed to Mrs. Hepburn and her grandson, Robert Temple Emmet, 2d, the box to go in the corner-stone, containing photographs of Mr. Hepburn and herself, of Mr. Young, Dr. Sykes, Dean Hulett, an autograph letter by Mr. Hepburn to Dr. Sykes and Mr. Hepburn's biography and copies of the programs, etc., contained in the box used for the Gunnison Memorial.—*The Plaindealer, Canton, N. Y.*

All for a Brooms-traw

Frank Oliver Hall

I HAVE just had a very distressing adventure. I need sympathy. But I know that those nearest to me would jeer and make unkind remarks were I to relate what happened. Therefore I write.

To begin with, I have a stylographic pen which is periodically possessed by a smutty little devil. This imp plugs the thing so completely that, shake it, bang it, talk to it how I will, it positively refuses to cross another t or dot another i. Then I must take it to pieces, soak it, wash it and refill it. Then, and not till then, perhaps it will write for a while.

Well, the imp got in his work an hour or so ago, when, of course, I was in the middle of an important article for the *Leader*, and nothing would subdue him but a soaking. So I hastened to the wash basin (running water, thank Heaven), and proceeded to dismember the pen. But the hole through which the ink is supposed to trickle on to the pen was hopelessly plugged. Would water run through it? Not a drop! Blow through it? Not a breath! What to do? Happy thought: Poke the hole open with a broom-straw.

Grip-sack—whisk broom should be right on top. Was it where it ought to be? Never! Dump stuff all out on the bed. Where in Harlem is that broom? Must have left it in Montreux. That's it. Now what am I going to do? Another happy thought.

I had noticed that fifty feet away, down the corridor, the chambermaid has her lair, in a little room equipped, apparently, with every possible household utensil. I will run and ask her to lend me a broom-straw.

Unhappy thought! How ask her? The maid understands and talks only Swiss German, while such German as I still remember from my student days has the virtue, at least, of being classic. But what in the name of Brother Berlitz is the German word for broom-straw? Know the word for brush and the one for hay, but I do not want a hay-brush; really don't think there is such an absurd implement anyway. Imagine one calling a chambermaid in a fashionable hotel and appealing to her for a hay-brush. Police! Alienist! Lunatic asylum! That's what. Must not risk it. What then?

Still another happy thought. The maid has many duties. Bells are constantly ringing; whereupon she forsakes her lair and hastens to respond. I will open my door a crack and peek. When the maid rushes from her closet in response to a distant call, I in turn will hasten to the den, purloin a broom-straw and rush back to my room before she can return.

One minute—two—three. Some people say that time flies. False! At last the expected bell. Maid hastily departs. Now or never! Hardly has she disappeared before I plunge into the lair. Chock full of junk. Carpet-sweeper, but no broom. Coal-scuttle; no broom. Mop, clothes-horse, pails, dust-cloths; no broom. Ah! I have it. Must be in that little closet. No sooner thought than I swing the door open—when out upon the floor tumble every conceivable tin dish, pan and can that was ever invented. No broom. In the midst of the clatter and wreck I stand appalled, paralyzed, incapable of motion, when I am suddenly aroused by guttural exclamations in Swiss German. The maid has returned. With a mighty effort I turn and face the music, if you get what I mean. Embarrassed? Well, I turned so red in the face that I could smell my hair singeing.

When the maid sufficiently recovered from her amazement, she began to speak. Just what she said, I don't know, but I guessed that she was asking for an explanation. "What did I want anyway?" I tried to explain, and after several incoherent sentences, I heard myself demand a "hay-brush." With something between a sob and a howl she turned and fled.

So did I. To regain my room and lock the door was the work of a moment. And there in the wash-bowl lay that infernal pen. I said things to it and about it which I shall not repeat. Visions of police, alienists, asylums, coursed through my mind. I sat with cold chills coursing up and down my spine awaiting the inevitable.

Minutes passed. The silence was awful. After an interminable suspense, there came a knock at the door. No escape. May as well face it and get it over. With trembling hands and faltering breath I open the door, and there stands the maid holding out to me a *rake*. Hay-brush! Of course. That is exactly what I wanted. Fine girl. Intelligent girl.

I smile graciously and gratefully, receive the rake thankfully, with proper compensation for her trouble. I deposit the instrument in the corner of the room and await the return of friend wife. I know exactly how she will look when she demands an explanation of the presence in her bed-room of a hay rake.

I trust that now you understand why I need sympathy.

Interlaken, Switzerland, Aug. 22, 1925.

General Convention Briefs

Roger F. Etz

THE two sermons at the General Convention session will be inspiring and challenging. The preacher of the Occasional Sermon on Wednesday evening is the Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., of Detroit, Michigan, who is taking his place among the prominent religious leaders of that great city. On Sunday morning, October 25, the Rev. James F. Albion, D. D., of Brunswick, Maine, will preach. Long known and loved by Universalists everywhere, he will bring a message of power and hope.

* *

At four o'clock Thursday and Friday afternoons there are to be sectional meetings for a round table discussion of vital problems. On Thursday, the general theme will be "The Church and Social Forces: Co-operation not Antagonism." On Friday, the subject is "Constructive Universalism: The World Challenge."

* *

Some confusion exists regarding qualifications of churches for sending delegates. Under the new constitution every minister in active service is a member of the Convention, and every church which has paid all or part of its quotas for the preceding two years is entitled to two delegates, "one of whom shall be a man and one a woman." Unless such payments have been made a church is not entitled to lay delegates. The General Convention books close September 30, 1925. All payments should be in the office of the secretary by that date to be credited on the current year.

* *

Under the direction of the National Laymen's Committee, conferences will be held on Thursday afternoon on "Church Administration," and on Friday afternoon on "Church Finances." These conferences will be in addition to the sessions announced by the Laymen for Tuesday and Wednesday.

* *

Local churches which have accepted their apportionments in the Five Year Program and have made payments during the current year will be counted as fulfilling the constitutional requirement for the year.

* *

It is not too early to make your hotel reservations at Syracuse. Write the Hotel Committee, First Universalist Church, Syracuse, N. Y., as soon as possible that you may secure the kind of room you desire.

An English Historian on Universalism

PROF. J. EDWIN ODGERS, of Manchester College, Oxford, has written for Hastings' Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics (Scribner's) the article on Universalism. The standpoint of the author is that of a well furnished historian. The article is the most comprehensive, so far as we know, ever published. We are surprised that Universalists have not commented upon it.

Three Uses of Term

Dr. Odgers begins by describing three uses of the term Universalism.

The first, the most modern, designates setting aside the belief "that a nation or race is privileged to enjoy the special protection and favor of God, or of a deity whom it recognizes as peculiarly its own; and contemplates all nations and races as standing, actually or potentially, in one and the same relation to one and the same God." Universalism has become current in this sense, Professor Odgers declares, largely through the influence of F. C. Baur.*

The special relation of a deity to a people is expressed in passages like Judgers 11 : 24, when Jephthah says to the Amorite: "Wilt not thou possess that which Chemosh thy god giveth thee to possess? So whomsoever the Lord our God hath dispossessed from before us them will we possess." Odgers traces the familiar steps by which this particularism, as he calls it, gives place to a larger thought: "first that of Jahweh's rule over all peoples as God above all gods, and next as being the only God whose sway is universal but who has chosen Israel as his special care." Isaiah 19 : 23-25 gives one of the occasional glimpses in the Old Testament of a desire to extend the Messianic hope and kingdom of God to all other peoples.

"In the New Testament," says this great scholar, "we are familiar with the distinction between the Universalism of St. Paul and the Lucan writings (e. g. Galatians 3 : 28; Colossians 3 : 11; Acts 10 : 35 and 17: 24-28), in contrast with the exclusiveness of the Jew and the Judaeo-Christian, who if they did not entirely disapprove the proffer of the gospel to the Gentiles yet wished to make conditions and impose practises which St. Paul strongly repudiates."

The larger view in the New Testament seems to make its way from the announcement of a salvation "for all peoples" to the Apocalyptic vision of a New Jerusalem whose gates are never shut and "of a great multitude that no man can number out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues."

The Second Meaning

The second use of the term Universalism has to do with theology, "the extent of the benefit wrought by the atoning death of Christ, and with the relation of the Calvinian doctrines of election and predestination to the expressed purpose of the gospel that all men might be saved." The second of the five points of the Arminians had asserted "that Jesus Christ by his death and suffering had made an atonement for the sons of all mankind in general and of every individual in particular. They qualified this by saying that nobody could share in this benefit but those of a true faith." Dr. Odgers describes how this Arminian

*Ferdinand Christian Baur, 1792-1860, Tubingen, Germany.

view was condemned by the Synod of Dort (1618), but how many thinkers tried "to mitigate the language of absolute predestination and particular redemption."

John Cameron, the Scotchman who from 1618 to 1622 was professor at Saumur in France, and his pupil, Moses Amyraut of the same institution, were two of these. Their aim "was to vindicate for the Deity a larger and more real benevolence and good will to mankind than contemplated in the Canons of Dort. They postulated a general will to save all men, but in order to be effective this had to be reinforced by the exercise of a particular will." Three hundred years ago these men were discussing the universal goodness of God and the possibility of resistance to that benign will by men in the bondage of sin. Dr. Odgers traces this development with firm regard to the nice distinctions made. This was called "hypothetical universalism." It led to the persecution of Amyraut, to the withdrawal by Swiss Reformed Churches of the students they had at Saumur, and to the elevation of the seminary at Sedan as the citadel of French Protestant orthodoxy.

How this controversy spread to England is also told. "The term 'universalist' was applied to the advocates of universal redemption perhaps first by Obadiah Howe, whose work 'The Universalist Examined and Convicted' appeared in 1648."

Richard Baxter, well known as the author of "The Saint's Rest," wrote "Universality of Redemption," and Baxter's transcriber and assistant, Joseph Reid, wrote "Universal Redemption of Mankind by the Lord Jesus Christ" in 1694. Early English Baptists, known as General Baptists from their opposition to the doctrine of particular election, caught the doctrine of General Redemption through Christ.

The Third Meaning

In the third sense, says the author, "Universalism denotes the doctrine held by persons and churches called Universalist." All such people believe in the final salvation of all men and are opposed in doctrine to "limitarians" or "partialists." The scripture passages quoted in the article as those used to prove Universalism from the Bible are: John 6 : 37-39, 12 : 32; 1 Cor. 15 : 22; 2 Cor. 5 : 19; Eph. 1 : 10; 1 Tim. 2 : 3, 4, 5; Titus 2 : 11; 2 Peter 3 : 9; 1 John 2 : 2; Rev. 20 : 14.

Universalism in Patristic Literature

The dominant idea among early Christians was the speedy coming of the end of the world and the Messianic reign of a thousand years on earth. As this died, says Professor Odgers, the attention of thinkers was directed to a world process, the evolution of a spiritual realm supplanting the material. The best elements in Greek philosophy and the highest promises of the Gospel united in the writing of the Christian philosophers of Alexandria, "who exhibited salvation on a scale not of the individual but of the cosmos." Quotations from Clement (A. D. 220), Origen (A. D. 254), and Gregory of Nyssa (A. D. 394), in defense of the philosophy of Universalism add interest to the article. Didymus of Alexandria (A. D. 395), Theodore of Mopsuestia (A. D. 428), John Scotus Erigena (A. D. 877), and others are mentioned briefly.

Universalism in Germany

The Anabaptists of Germany were Universalist. Thus the Augsburg Confession of 1530 condemns them as follows: "Who believe there will be an end of the punishments of the damned and the devils." Hans Denk (1495-1527) is believed to be responsible for this tendency.

The author describes the controversy rife in Germany at the end of the seventeenth century and at the beginning of the eighteenth on the questions of eternity of punishment, general restitution and the millennium.

Dr. Odgers refers us to a huge three volume folio work in which the work of many German writers is brought together, *"Das Geheimniss der Wiederbringung aller Dinge,"* by Johann Wilhelm Petersen (1649-1727).

He gives the romantic story of how this learned professor was deposed from his college chair and pastorate for his Universalism, how he was led to Universalism by his wife, Joanna Eleanora von Merlau, and how she had been influenced by the writings of the English mystic, Jane Lead, whose works were circulated by the Philadelphian Society.

The little work, "The Everlasting Gospel," by Paul Siegvolk, ran through many editions in Germany between 1700 and 1745, and had wide influence in America.

Even casual reading of this one section of Dr. Odgers' brilliant and illuminating article will show many members of the Universalist Church that they have traced back their beginnings to too few sources and have recognized their debt to too few thinkers. They have accounted too easily for what has happened and too much disregarded stupendous movements of thought by which unknowingly they have been affected profoundly. Richard Eddy in the preface to his "Universalism in America" gives us a glimpse of these important chapters of history and Dr. Odgers makes our view more complete.

Universalism in England

Back in early times when records are few, we learn much indirectly by anathemas and mandates of one kind or another. Simon Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury, Nov. 5, 1368, issued a mandate, says Dr. Odgers, showing that doctrines of universal salvation and the salvability of devils were current then in England. Among things condemned in this mandate is the view that salvation is possible for Saracens, Pagans and Jews.

The 42d article of the English Church, 1553, is headed "That All Men Shall Not Be Saved at the Length," and is quoted by the author.

Dr. Odgers has dug up out of forgotten works single paragraphs which give the heart of the contention the author makes. He traces the growth of Universalism in England with a breadth of knowledge which is remarkable. When we read of Henry Horn, author, who published a vigorous little tract in 1653, of Wm. Erbury (1604-54), Gerrard Winstanley (1652), Richard Coffin (1659), their journeys, their sermons, their debates, and the way they were persecuted, we

realize that John Murray to be studied intelligently has to be seen against this English background. A classic of Universalist literature was produced by Jeremiah White (1629-1707). He approached the subject from the predestinarian side. Isaac Barrow (1630-77) approached it from the Arminian side.

Thomas Burnet, master of the Charterhouse, Archbishop Tillotson, George Cheyne, James Relly and Elhanan Winchester are among the other Universalists briefly characterized.

Universalism in Scotland and Universalism in America also are treated.

The earliest Universalists in America are said to be the Dunkers, who settled at Germantown, Pa., as early as 1719. They brought or imported Universalist books from Germany, among them "The Everlasting Gospel" of Paul Siegvolk. De Bienville exerted wide influence.

"There is abundant evidence," says the author, "that in the latter half of the eighteenth century Universalism was spreading widely in the Episcopal, Congregational and Presbyterian Churches."

The author describes more at length the career of Murray. He traces the rise of Ballou, the remarkable meeting at Winchester in 1803, the Restorationist Controversy and the significance of the new declaration of 1899.

The work is concise and accurate, and remarkably vivid. It is as clear a picture of Universalism as can be found in print.

What Can America Do?

Herbert E. Benton*

TAKE them all together there is not much difference between men; but such difference as there is is very important. Whoever gave expression to this epigram uttered what we are inclined to accept as a profound truism.

There seems to us very little difference between those whom we have met since leaving America, whether they be Americans, English, Dutch, German, Austrian, Czechoslovak, or Swiss. (We have not yet reached other countries but anticipate the same experience.) And yet there are some differences, which, whether or not so important as is sometimes alleged, are at least so stressed and magnified as often to be decisive in international relations.

And we find that men who should be friends, whose mutual well-being would be subserved if relations of good will were maintained, are often bitter enemies, and instead of amity the ruling motive is jealousy, or fear, or even hatred.

How to minimize these differences, how to resolve these difficulties, how to neutralize their biting, corroding acids of acrimony and self-interest with the alkaline of mutual common sense and confidence and brotherliness, is the impelling and challenging problem that confronts what we call civilization.

For unless that problem is solved while still the memory of the Great War is fresh, while yet the wounds are sore, then will there surely come a war which, in the firmly and hopelessly held opinion of men in all the countries we have visited, will mean the end of the human order we know.

The question in the minds of the hundred or more Americans who comprise our party is this: What can, what should, America do, to bring about this concord, this harmony, this working co-operation between people who essentially are one, who by the inheritance of their common humanity are all members in the one family?

Again and again have I heard this question spring from the eager, anxious heart of some countryman of mine, and fairly leap into the face of some speaker who has painted for us the picture, often dark, of conditions in his own land (but a darkness relieved by the light of his own courage and hope and that indomitable spirit which drives him to "carry on"): "What do you think, what would you advise us to go home and say that America ought to do to help in this crisis?" Always the answer has been moderate and restrained, yet always could we detect the feeling that America has not done all that she might, always has been expressed the hope, even the confidence, that America will do more, and always the assertion that the solution of the enigma is impossible if America does persist in her policy of isolation.

I am sure that every member of this party believes in his soul that this summer's trip is far more than a pleasure jaunt for him (although pleasure has not been lacking, and we have interspersed lectures and conferences with sight-seeing that has brought contact with scenes and people interesting and fascinating); we are convinced that unless we come home and do try our utmost in our humble way to make Americans see that they are confronted with the greatest opportunity and the most sacred trust ever vouchsafed to any people, namely, to use the great power we possess as a nation for the well being of the world, if we do not urge this to the uttermost then we shall be false to ourselves, untrue to our country, and unworthy of the privilege which the summer has brought us.

And if this be true for us all as Americans, more ineluctably is it true for us who are Universalists and profess to believe that God is the Father of all men and in consequence all men are brothers, whether or not they wish to be.

As Universalists is not our first duty, yes, and our highest joy, to be brotherly toward all of whatever race or color or nationality?

As Universalist Americans then we bid all readers of the *Leader* to join in this most divine of all crusades ever inaugurated by men, that which proclaims the "war to end war," that which now zealously embarks on the pilgrimage to win the Holy Grail of *Peace*.

To-day we have crossed an international boundary, that between Austria and Switzerland. Shall

*Dr. Benton of Philadelphia is in Europe with the Sherwood Eddy Seminar, studying international problems.

not that be an omen for us, that no boundaries shall separate us from our brothers anywhere on this broad earth?

In this letter I will not attempt to speak of definite steps or objectives toward which we should strive. Indeed I doubt if any member of the party has as yet any completely worked out plan in his own mind. Our days have been too crowded. We have heard probably sixty or seventy speakers, have traveled much, and we have had no time to digest the vast amount of information we have received, no opportunity to arrange our thought or to develop any program.

However, certain broad conclusions already seem established which eventually will lead to precise and integrated plans of procedure.

We trust these may be of interest to our Universalist friends in our beloved America, that becomes dearer to us each day we spend on the other side of the wide sea.

En route from Innsbruck to Luzerne.

* * *

WITH THE PROCESS OF THE SUNS

Betsey Buttles

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

IT is a curious fact that the bitterest conflicts, the hottest controversies, and the fiercest battles have been waged around the throne of the Prince of Peace. The most intense disputes and the most savage wars have been religious disputes and wars. From the inhuman fanatics of the Spanish Inquisition—and before—down to the tragedies enacted over our own Salem witchcraft, not forgetting the heroic death of Joan of Arc, men have seemed to inject into their idea of holy warfare the most complete measure of hatred and misconception.

One is reminded of the story of the Baptist sister, who, on being questioned as to the progress of her church, replied, "No, we don't get on very well, but, thank God, the Methodists are not doing any better."

Fifteen years ago the so-called civilized world would have repudiated the idea of a possible war of nations. It would have been unthinkable that men in this day and age should form into battle-lines. Yet more than one generation will have cause to remember the bitter waste of those black years from 1914 to 1919. So we should have said that the days of putting men on trial by jury for their religious convictions were days of the long ago. To be sure, the trial in Kentucky was a matter of constitutional law, but by the manner in which it was conducted it was made to seem, as Mr. Bryan openly avowed, a trial of Christianity. To thinking people, it must remain a matter of regret that the defense did not seek for its supporter a man who is not an agnostic. He would have been easy to find. It would seem that most of the leaders of religious thought to-day are ranged on the side of evolution, and, conversely, that the men who are foremost to-day in the study of evolution are deeply religious in thought and conviction.

One of the ablest leaders in the cause of woman suffrage, speaking in Yonkers in 1913, said: "The cause of woman suffrage no longer needs defense or proof. Its coming is already an assured fact. We must then turn our efforts from this time, not toward convincing people of its justice, but towards a knowledge of how to use it when it comes."

Just so evolution is recognized as a scientific fact, as surely proved as the rotation of the earth, or the ebb or flow of the tide. Let us not, then, waste our forces arguing for it or putting it on the defensive. The need is to show how, through it, religion is made more intelligible and consistent and God-ordained than it has ever been.

Below are some of the words of avowed believers in evolution. They do not come from hearts that have turned away from God or His divine plan.

> "The Christian God desires to be to every one an inward and abiding friend, a purifying presence in daily life, the One whose moral purpose continually restrains and whose love upholds. Above all advances made in human life, none is so significant as this advance in the thought of God. . . . The man who misses the deep meanings of prayer has not so much refused an obligation; he has robbed himself of life's supreme privilege—friendship with God."
>
> "When once you have had a vision of this cosmic world, and realized your oneness with it, and known what it is to have the mind of Christ . . . . you will not permit anything to interfere with your going forward in the evolution of your life and character, into all that Infinite Mind in Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love has involved in your very being, and expects of you, yea, gives you Infinite power to realize and express. . . . I thank Thee for a purpose in life. I thank Thee that I am created in Thy image and likeness, and that Thou hadst a purpose in my creation. . . . I am gradually perceiving Thy purposes, and am thus fitted for the larger, grander, and nobler, more useful life in accord with Thy purposes."
>
> "In Him I live and move and have my being. Every breath I breathe is the breath of the spirit. I am drinking of the water of life freely. The pure clear stream of love divine is flowing through my body like a current, carrying away all impure and selfish thought, all weakness, all evil, all meanness, all sin. It cleanses me thoroughly in body and in mind and washes away all my sin. There is left now nothing but purity and love. The river of God fills me. The life of God is in me. The love of God fills me. The peace of God holds me. Fear and worry and all that is unlike God has gone away from me. I am filled with the love of God. God is here."

Had Mr. Bryan put his wonderful gift of oratory and word-imagery toward broadening the vision of his adherents, what a force for righteousness, what a dispenser of illumination, what an inspiration to God-like idealism, he might have been! His last great effort, made with the zeal of the religious fanatic, burned out its own flare and lighted his way to eternity's revelation. He spent his last strength tilting at a wind-mill. Christianity was not on trial in Kentucky. Christianity needs no defense. It stands as serene and inevitable as the sunrise—and as full of promise. War of words and hatred of contrary opinion will not win the peace of God. No man can be forced or cajoled or legislated into a belief. That is within his own soul, and his kingdom of heaven

rests with himself to enjoy or defer. The yearning heart of the God-seeking thinker of to-day will not be satisfied with a far-off Heaven of golden streets and tireless harps. He seeks and seeks with assurance a positive and immediate realization of the promises Christ made mankind. The world, restless and unsatisfied and groping, was never so ready for a sane interpretation of Christianity as it is to-day. And the evolutionist who is also a follower of the man of Nazareth has been able to reconcile the religion of his heart with the reasoning of his brain.

Was our mother's faith, then, of no avail? A thousand times, no! She lived by it, she died in it, and lives again through it. But the scales have fallen from her eyes, and her vision is now clear, and complete, and unafraid. So, we have faith to believe, is that of William Jennings Bryan.

Franklin Square House, Boston.

* * *

HOW A MODERN YOUNG MAN IS THINKING OF THE CHURCH AND THE MINISTRY

FOLLOWING is an extract from a letter written by a young man to his pastor, a Universalist minister, who was trying to get him to prepare for the ministry:

I fear that the church has lost its rightful place in our modern life and that the clergy is almost devoid of influence, especially the liberal clergy. Our ecclesiastical organization appears to be pitifully weak and our laity as passive as stones. It seems to my immature mind that there is a greater need for interested laymen than for a better clergy. Of course that is a very pessimistic view, supported very largely by observations of my own, and by those woeful reports of delegates to the recent Convention of the ——— Church.

So far as my entering the ministry is concerned, if I can convince myself that I would be anything beyond a preacher to those "who hear not," an inspirer of those who will not be inspired, and a worker for those who will not join in the work, then I will do my best to enter the ministry. If I can not, then I will comply with parental wishes, and enroll in the law school, endeavoring to become a good layman, and what was at one time termed "a pillar of the church," and forever a friend of that great group of splendid men who preach to empty pews.

You see, I do not think much of the average church member, as such. Most of them act as if they regarded the church as a necessary evil, to which they adhere because they do not possess the ambition to get out.

The fundamentalists hold their congregations because the members hope, by being Christians, to escape hell. Having removed damnation from our creed there seems no need to remain actively Christian, especially as the church has not filled the vacancy with something better. The average man does not want to think, and that is about all there is to Modernism—thought. We must place in our church something in addition to thought, or we are appealing to a very limited number.

After one of your finest sermons I asked six members of the congregation, all of them, except Arthur, over twenty-five years of age, what they thought of the sermon. I asked them on Monday or Tuesday. One said, "It was all right." Four did not recall what it was about. One thought it magnificent, and that one was the only one who did not need it. It is pathetic, going to our beautiful little chapel each Sunday, to be one of the little group gathered for the service.

Is that all the church has to offer? Where is the opportunity for a young man? We have supported a band, built schoolhouses, instituted a night school for aliens, acquired a day nursery, tried a community nurse—but none of them through the church. I do not mean that the church should have done these things for our city, but it does owe something more than preaching to the community.

I have but one life on this earth, and I intend to spend it to the greatest advantage, not in a selfish way, for no "man liveth unto himself." But, "let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man."

And here is the reply of the minister:

Your several letters have been read with the greatest interest. I especially appreciated your judgment on the work of the modern church, and especially of our liberal church. I can understand why the work of the minister does not especially and emphatically appeal to you. Even as an older man, who has given his lifetime to the ministry, I sometimes wonder if it is worth while, and if it is not time to quit.

Then I think it over, and I see so many things that are being accomplished by the church and by ministers, even by a man who serves such a limited congregation as gathers in our church from Sunday to Sunday. Many times these things are not apparent to or understood and appreciated by even the most active workers among the laity. I recall the experience I had a few years ago, when, leaving a parish, I prepared for the use of my successor a list of families and individuals in the city upon whom he ought to call. Instead of striking out with the list, he consulted Poo-Bah, the leading man in the church, who was at one and the same time superintendent of the Sunday school, organist, deacon, trustee, and best acquainted with the constituency of that church. But he did not know a single thing about many names on that list. He had never known them. And yet, every individual on that list had at some time looked to me as minister of that parish for some sort of service.

If my entire influence in this parish was limited to the small number of people who attend my service on Sunday morning, and limited to the preaching alone, I might quit the job pronto. But when I realize that I am looked to by many more people, for many more types of service, then I feel that as a minister I still "have a place in the sun." There are many varieties of personal and confidential service that fall to the minister that the ordinary layman knows nothing about, and which can not be proclaimed from the house-top. Some years ago, under a *nom-de-plume*, I wrote an article for a newspaper, giving in some detail illustrations of calls that had come to me because I am a minister, and all of which were perfectly justifiable. I might also tell of many unjustifiable calls that are made upon a minister.

I realize that many people in our age feel that there is nothing more for the minister or the church to do, and that the world could get along without either of them. But you know there are also other groups of people who are quite convinced that we could equally well get along without some other individuals and institutions. I believe Christian Scientists think that we could get along without physicians; Socialists think there is no need of capitalists; the Soviet government could not see that non-manual laborers were of any use, and it seems too that I have heard it said that we could get along without lawyers!

You refer to several things of a social nature that have been done in and for our community, and apparently without help, aid or assistance of the church. Perhaps you are right, and yet, as a minister, I wonder if the influence of the church and of some minister might not have been found more or less remotely connected with all these good things.

Some years ago, in one of my pastorates, I called the attention of my congregation to the fact that, while the principal business of the town was the production of beautiful articles for the adornment of the person, the buildings devoted to the manufacture of these articles were utterly lacking in beauty, that not one of them contributed anything of an artistic or esthetic nature to the appearance of the town. Years later, on returning to the city for a brief visit, I was hailed on the street by one of the leading men: "Say, have you been up to see my factory?" I replied: "No, why should I go up to see your factory?" Then he told me of that sermon, preached so long ago, which he had not heard, but which had been reported to him, and which had

influenced his life so that he had remodeled and beautified one of the worst old factories in town. And he was not alone; others had also improved their buildings and landscaped their surroundings, so that the entire city had been greatly improved. I presume that few in that community ever supposed that a sermon, preached to a small group of people, had in any wise contributed to this great advance.

It is these other phases of the work of the church and the ministry that hold me to my task, and not alone the preaching, and which lead me to suggest to a young man like yourself that here is one of the finest and best fields of labor into which any man may enter. With a full college course, which I missed, a student and thinker like yourself could become much more influential that I ever have been.

* * *

ENTITLED TO DELEGATES

Up to September 1, 1925, the following churches had qualified for representation at the Syracuse session of the General Convention by having paid all or part of their quotas or apportionments for the past two years:

Alabama. Camp Hill.

California. Oakland, Pasadena, Riverside, Santa Paula.

Connecticut. Bridgeport, New Haven, Meriden.

Florida. De Funiak Springs, Miami, Tarpon Springs.

Georgia. Atlanta.

Illinois. Abingdon, Avon, Chicago (St. Paul's), Joliet, Litchfield, Peoria, Table Grove.

Iowa. Boone, Osage, Mt. Pleasant.

Kentucky. Burlington, Hopkinsville.

Maine. Calais, Canton, Fairfield, Gardiner, Hiram, Norway, Portland (All Souls), South Buxton, West Paris, Yarmouth.

Maryland. Baltimore.

Massachusetts. Annisquam, Arlington, Braintree, Cambridge (First), Cheshire, Dana (North), Essex, Fitchburg, Haverhill, Lawrence, Malden, Monson, Plymouth, Waltham, Westminster, Worcester (First), Pigeon Cove.

Michigan. Concord, Grand Rapids.

New Hampshire. Alstead and Langdon, Berlin, Claremont, Kingston, Manchester, Nashua, Portsmouth, Westmoreland.

New Jersey. Newark.

New York. Auburn, Binghamton, Black Lake, Brooklyn (All Souls), Brooklyn (Our Father), Canandaigua, Canton, Central Square, Cicero, Dexter, Morris, Mount Vernon, Newport, Perry, Rochester, Syracuse.

Ohio. Eldorado, Frost, Greenville, Jersey, Le Roy, Little Hocking, Milford, Olive Branch, Springfield.

Pennsylvania. Athens, Kingsley, Philadelphia (Messiah), Philadelphia (Restoration), Sheshequin, Smithton, Standing Stone.

Rhode Island. Cumberland, East Providence, Pawtucket.

Vermont. Barre, Cavendish, Rochester.

Wisconsin. LaCrosse, Racine, Stoughton.

Canada. Olinda, Ont.

* * *

UNITARIAN LAYMEN TO HEAR MALONE

What the 12,235 members of the Unitarian Laymen's League should do "in this emergency" which the churches must meet, is to be the business of their representatives to define at the fifth annual convention of the Laymen's League, Sept. 18-20, at the Hotel Aspinwall, Lenox, Mass.

"Many level-headed, discerning men and women, not given to exaggeration, are fearful lest the general breakdown of authority may stop only with the breakdown of all moral and spiritual values, of civilization itself," says the announcement of the program of the convention. "The admitted increase in youthful crime, and laws against the teaching of evolution, are only two of the danger signals. Religious reactionaries propose a return to the old authorities, to medieval dogmatism and superstition. As they are in the majority they have a great advantage that can only be overcome by wise, united and forceful advocacy of religious freedom. 'Eternal vigilance' is still 'the price of liberty.' Not one man of the free churches known as Unitarian should consider himself exempt from active service in this emergency."

To clarify the situation so that a constructive program may be evolved, the Unitarian laymen have invited to their convention Dudley Field Malone, of counsel for John T. Scopes in the Tennessee "evolution trial;" Roger W. Babson, lecturer and writer on economics and statistics; and Walter Prichard Eaton, author, dramatic critic and lecturer.

In their consideration of the obvious practical problems of church and league chapter administration the delegates will hear J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., of Boston, on "Church Architecture;" Dr. Horace Westwood of the First Unitarian Church, Toledo, "Preaching Missions;" and Edward P. Furber of Boston, president of the Young People's Religious Union, on "Serving Young People." Dr. Westwood will also preach the convention sermon, from the pulpit of the Lenox Congregational Church, where the Unitarian laymen will worship by invitation of the minister, the Rev. B. N. Wyman. In extending the invitation Mr. Wyman wrote that in this church, in 1842, William Ellery Channing delivered his last public address.

Two timely topics on the convention program, for discussion in group conferences, are "The World Court" and "Anti-Evolution Laws."

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Monument of Lysikrates

We journied unto the land of the Grecians, and sojourned in the city of Athens. And it was many years since I had been there, but I felt at home.

And we came unto a small circular building that stood where the ways met, and I said unto Keturah, This is the choragic monument of Lysikrates.

And Keturah said, I never heard of him.

And I said, Neither did any one else, save as men speak his name when they behold this monument.

And Keturah said, It is little to a man's credit to have a Monument by which he is to be remembered if there be nothing but his name to remember.

And I said, Thou art a wise woman, and I agree with thee as usual.

And she said, Tell me what is a choragic monument?

And I said, When a man excelled in poetry or song, or became a winner in the games, they gave him a prize, which in itself was a thing of not much worth, and was commonly a small Tripod, about like the black walnut card-receiver in thy mother's front hall, save that this was of bronze, and possibly a trifle more Artistick. And each of the winners of those Tripods said within himself, I will erect this Tripod on a Monument fronting on Main Street in order that all the Athenians and all visitors in Athens as long as the world shall stand shall know that I was a Winner. And the Street was once lined with such like monuments all the way from the base of the Acropolis to the Hotel Grande Britagne, if that or the butter they serve in it were there in that day. But of all those Monuments erected by men who won the Marathon, or recited the Prize Poem, or wrote the Best Seller, or delivered the best oration on the League of Nations or the Dawes Plan, this one only remaineth.

And Keturah said, It is fortunate for Lysikrates that it was his monument that happened to stand. And yet I think I should not care for a monument of that sort.

And I said, It serveth a very useful purpose. In the first place, it is the oldest existing building of the Corinthian order. And in the next place it showeth that he who setteth out to win fame, and appeareth to win it, hath less than one per cent of a chance that his monument will mean anything to posterity concerning himself.

And Keturah said, It is a very attractive little building. Let us enjoy it for its own sake, and forget Lysikrates.

And I said, The world hath already forgotten him, and we will do likewise.

Home and Children

THE MESSAGE

Alice Phelps Rider

Out from the sunset there flashes a message,
Clear in its brilliance and sure in its aim,
Bidding my heart be of cheer and good courage,
Sending me rest with the daylight's last flame.

Oh, I would fain be at one with the sunset,
Enfolded in colors and melted in light;
Then would my heart find a peace beyond measure,
Then would my soul be restored to its sight.

Fast fades the sunset and sinks to the westward,
Gladly I'd follow its radiance afar,
Then would my soul be at one with its message,
One with the night and the pale evening star.

Markesan, Wis.

* * *

A QUEER MIXTURE

MOROCCO, in the northern part of which the French have recently had a rebellion on their hands, constitutes one of the world's queerest mixtures of the ancient and the modern, the East and the West. But as yet the things of the modern world are chiefly physical and superficial. In distance Morocco is as close to Western Europe as any Mohammedan country, and is alone among important Moslem communities in touching the Atlantic, the great ocean highway which has spread the ideas of the West. But in customs and in institutions Morocco is more Eastern than Turkey or Egypt, and as Moslem as the Hedjaz.

Until the French took control by establishing their protectorate in 1912 Christians had been rigidly excluded from Morocco since the fifteenth century. Jews had been admitted all along, but they were compelled to live in separate quarters, and though not the objects of hatred and contempt to such an extent as were Christians, they were looked down upon by followers of the Prophet.

In Fez, the inland capital, is a mosque regarded by Moroccans as more sacred than any shrine outside Mecca. Even after the French protectorate was set up Christians were not supposed to go within two blocks of this sacred edifice. In late years this rigorous rule has been changed and Christians may now pass in the street beside the mosque, but still they are not supposed to touch it.

The Western traveler to this country, which only yesterday was "forbidden land" to the Christian, runs across amazing incongruities. Brass bedsteads and grandfather clocks are set up against walls of exquisite mosaic and intricate arabesque patterns. Arabs pitch their tents at the foot of great wireless stations. Veiled women of the harem ride through new made streets in automobiles. The streets themselves are indicative of rapid change; for a few years ago no roads ran into Fez, and even yet some of the thoroughfares are so narrow that not even an animal, much less a vehicle, could squeeze through them.

If one looks down upon Fez from an airplane, as flyers now do, it would seem to be a streetless city. Many of the narrow aisle-like streets are latticed over to protect the hooded, ghost-like pedestrians from the sun. Other streets burrow under great estates by tunnels, as does the famous Cliff Walk, at Newport, under several of the gardens of summer homes there.

Perhaps the gayest sight of a Moroccan city is a funeral. The wife who has been cloistered in life is paid every honor in death. She is borne aloft in a great carved box of many colors, and behind her sing choral societies organized to follow funerals. A mere man is swathed in cloth and bound to a board. He has no box.

The Moroccan wife has somewhat less freedom of movement than an American domestic. Friday afternoon is the wives' "day out," but they may only go to the cemetery then, from which men are excluded for the afternoon. The cemetery is not at all gruesome, however, to the Moroccan way of thinking. Markets are held there, and in various ways the cities of the dead do duty for public parks.

About two-thirds of the population of Morocco is probably Berber or of Berber descent. These Berbers are the aborigines. They are a purely white race and a very energetic and vigorous people. They antedated Phenician, Carthaginian, Gothic, Byzantian, and Arab occupation by centuries upon centuries; theirs is probably one of the oldest races. They have many resemblances to the ancient Etruscans and also are quite like the pictures of some of the ancient Egyptian dynasties.

These people have always been opposed to any attempt to bring them under control, and they have never been kept in subjection by any of these successive governments for any great length of time. Their desire is never to recognize any more authoritative control than that of their own village elders.

There are two other important factors among the population—the Jews and the negroes. The Jews are mostly exiles from Spain and Portugal, having been driven out after the Moors had been expelled from Spain. The Jews were driven out by the Inquisition, and a great many of them came over to Morocco and settled there. Others went as far east as Turkey. Still others visited other countries. Those who settled in Morocco were almost all confined to a special quarter of the town, entitled El Mellah.

The gentry of the country are mostly drawn from those Moors who were expelled from Spain, and who returned to Morocco. All those who have any descent from the Prophet are called Chereefs.

In no country in the world, probably, does a woman have such a low status as in Morocco. The usual practise of the Mohammedan of Morocco is to divorce his wife after he has lived with her six or seven years, even though she may have borne him children. He then takes a younger and more comely partner, while his former wife must be satisfied with any husband she can get. After several years with her second husband, she is once more discarded, and marries again; and so the process goes on, each marriage being lower in scale, until she dies in poverty and wretchedness.—*Bulletin of the National Geographic Society.*

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

Henry Cabot Lodge

By Charles Stuart Groves. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.00.

Henry Cabot Lodge, a scholar in politics, is almost without exception the most interesting man of his times and ours. Essentially as much a man of mystery as his most distinguished opponent, Woodrow Wilson, Lodge will prove even more significant to the historian who will some day attempt to understand the era that is passed and the era that has begun, for Lodge was a product of his age and his environment. He was representative of a New England that has almost disappeared. If one understands Wilson one understands a great man; if one understands Lodge one understands a great epoch. We have at least three New Englands: the New England of the Murphys and Kabotznicks, a New England which as yet has not its spokesman; the New England of the farming districts, with Calvin Coolidge as representative; and the New England that proudly called Boston the Hub of the universe and the Athens of America. It is the New England of the old Harvard, the old Back Bay, and the old Concord that produced Henry Cabot Lodge.

The most remarkable thing about Lodge is that he went into politics. Of course his New England had produced great statesmen; the Adams family alone had produced three; but the Adams who was contemporary with Lodge and a great friend eschewed politics and devoted himself to seeking an education. Lodge might well have been a second Henry Adams, but he stifled his doubts and went into active politics. And it is as a politician that Mr. Groves, Washington correspondent of the *Boston Globe*, has sought to depict him, paying little attention to the traits of character which made Lodge interesting and make him significant.

Since Groves has elected to show us Lodge as a politician, it is as a politician that we shall have to take him. We see him as a party man, boasting of the title, refusing to quit the party even when it was led by Blaine, refusing to quit it even to follow the friend he admired, Theodore Roosevelt. We could say that he put party above principle, but with him loyalty to party was a principle. We see him seeking the interests of his state, writing to a friend about the tariff, "I think it will be found that the great industries of Massachusetts have been well cared for." We see him eager to have the country enter the war, accepting all the charges of German guilt. We see him vindictive after the war, declaring, "No peace that satisfies Germany in any degree can ever satisfy us. . . . It must be a dictated peace and we and our Allies must dictate it." We see him ready to accept the Versailles treaty but determined to safeguard American rights and privileges from the slightest encroachment of the League of Nations. We are told: "He did not approve the system of direct nominations as a substitute for nominations by political conventions; nor the election of United States Senators by the people instead of their accredited representatives in the legislatures of the several states; nor in the extension of the suffrage to the women of the land; nor in national prohibition."

That is Henry Cabot Lodge, the politician. We submit that there is nothing there to be ashamed of. There are good reasons for every stand he took, from unswerving loyalty to party, right or wrong, to opposition to national prohibition. To some people it will seem that Lodge was remarkable in being right so often. To other people it will be amazing that any man could be so invariably wrong. He must be judged in part in the light of the political views of the man who essays to judge him, but on the other hand certain of his virtues can be appreciated by those who most strongly differ from his policies. He possessed intelligence of an order unfortunately equaled but seldom in the august body of which he was a member. He possessed courage to a degree also uncommon in the Senate. By his own standards he was scrupulously honest, and judged by any standards of honesty he has nothing to fear from comparison with his colleagues. A man of singular ability, his death robbed the Senate of what was perhaps its greatest intellect.

Because Mr. Groves shows Lodge's political career and little else, we learn from his biography nothing that helps us really to understand the late Senator from Massachusetts. The field is still open for the aspiring biographer. Of Lodge's political career Mr. Groves gives an adequate record, but an uncritical one. Groves reports Lodge as once saying, in regard to the delivering of a eulogy, that there is a time when "all that is best in a man's life and work should be set forth without deduction, free alike from the sharpness of the contemporary critic or the cold balancing of the future historian." It is in this spirit that Groves has traced the history of Mr. Lodge as a politician.

* *

The British Labor Movement

By R. H. Tawney. Yale University Press. $2.00.

Readers of the articles which Miss Hall contributed to the *Leader* while she was attending the Institute of Politics at Williamstown last summer will remember her comments on the lectures of Prof. Richard H. Tawney on the British labor movement. These lectures are contained in the present volume. Though delivered last summer when the labor party was in power, they contain much that is still valuable.

Any book on the labor movement in England interests us in part because of the light it throws on American movements. Mr. Tawney's book, for example, emphasizes the strong regard for constitutional government which characterizes the British movement, and we legitimately infer that an American labor movement, developing under the influence of the American, which is essentially the British, tradition, would follow the same course of bloodless revolution. A continental movement of the proportions and with the aim of the British labor movement would almost certainly have been provoked to violence. The British labor movement, which "never was revolutionary in method" but "is and will continue to be revolutionary in aim," has sought the most drastic reforms by the most peaceful methods. We have every reason to hope that an American labor movement, if such there should ever be, would follow the example of its English forerunner.

But there is no American labor movement comparable to the British labor movement, and we turn to Tawney's book to see if he can help to explain this discrepancy in the two countries. He gives us a clue when he tells us how the labor party struggled to win the support of the trade unions. The recent resolution of the American Federation of Labor, putting that organization on record as not favoring third parties, shows that the most influential American labor organization is still unconvinced of the wisdom of a step which British labor unions took two decades ago. Tawney tells us that the British unions came to believe that they could not gain their ends without a political as well as an economic organization. If ever the unionized workers of this country should find reason to hold a similar belief we might see a labor party of importance here.

It would be possible to draw many other striking lessons of peculiar interest to Americans from Mr. Tawney's book, but we have not the space if we are to consider other matters on which he touches. As is generally admitted, England is economically in a bad way, and some writers point out that in view of certain well known economic laws legislation is powerless to remedy the situation. Mr. Tawney replies quite simply by saying that however bad a matter is one can always try to make it better, and he further states cogent reasons for his belief that it is possible not only to alleviate conditions but also in great part to eliminate sources of danger. He takes the

(*Continued on page* 29)

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

CONSECRATION AND COMMISSION SERVICE

Those who gathered in the beautiful grove at Ferry Beach on Sunday morning, August 16, will always be glad they were privileged to be there.

The occasion was the Consecration and Commission Service for Miss Georgene E. Bowen, who has gone to Tokyo, Japan, as a missionary of the W. N. M. A. to assist in the work at Blackmer Home.

Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, president of the Woman's Board of our church, was in charge of the service, and in a few choice words turned our minds from sadness to gladness as she spoke of the honor which had come to us all in having another worker for Blackmer Home. It was, she said, a time for rejoicing and not for tears.

After the devotional service, which was conducted by Mrs. Milo G. Folsom, Miss Bowen told her reasons and purposes for choosing missionary work. Her beaming face and charming personality portrayed to us all the influence she must exert in Japan, and when we found, added to this, a fine equipment both from an educational standpoint and her contact with young women as executive secretary of the Rhode Island League of Girls' Clubs, and in other capacities, we were glad of heart and thankful, because Japan must have our very best if Christianity is to continue to attract and prevail in that land.

At the close of Miss Bowen's address words of Godspeed were extended by Rev. John Murray Atwood, D. D., as representative of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention, by Miss Mary F. Slaughter, as representative of the General Sunday School Association, and by a former pastor, Rev. R. F. Johnnot of Bellows Falls, Vermont.

It was most fitting that Miss M. Agnes Hathaway, who has recently returned from more than twenty years of service in Blackmer Home, should extend the welcome to Japan. She assured Miss Bowen she would not be disappointed in the Japanese young people.

Rev. Fred C. Leining, after extending congratulations and offering helpful suggestions, read to Miss Bowen the commission from the Board of Foreign Missions of the Universalist Church, and Mrs. Ethel M. Allen gave the commission from the Women's Board.

The consecration prayer was offered by Rev. James W. Vallentyne, D. D., who, in closing, asked all those participating in the service to join with him in placing hands upon Miss Bowen's head as she knelt before him—a symbol of added strength and devotion by all to whom the work of Miss Bowen in Japan is so vital.

Meetings such as the one held at Ferry Beach on August 16, unite heart to heart in a splendid spirit of loyalty to our church and its larger program of service.

Grace Vallentyne.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Group Conferences at Syracuse. On Tuesday, Oct. 20, while the ministers are holding their special meeting, all other attendants at Syracuse will meet for special conferences according to their particular interests and duties. There will be four conferences in the morning, two at a time, and the same in the afternoon. Being in charge of recognized leaders in the different departments, they will be helpful in the extreme.

THE PROGRAM AT SYRACUSE

Saturday, Oct. 17.—10 a. m. Devotional meeting. 10.15. Institute, "The Old Testament in the Church School," Rev. H. P. Morrell. 11.05. Institute, "A Modern Curriculum for a Modern School," Rev. Laura Bowman Galer. 1.45 p. m. Service of song. 2. Conference, "Some Things Well Done," Rev. G. E. Huntley, D. D. 4. Institute, "The Time Element in the Sunday School," Professor Bruce W. Brotherston. 4.45. Prayer service.

Sunday, Oct. 18.—10.30 a. m. Worship. Occasional sermon by Rev. H. W. Reed, D. D. 12 m. Sunday school in charge of Mrs. Lillian C. Shaw. 7.15 p. m. Address, "Pageantry in Religious Education," Miss Mary F. Slaughter. 7.45. Pageant by Syracuse Sunday school under direction of Mrs. Clara A. King.

Monday, Oct. 19.—9.30 a. m. Institute, "The New Testament in the Church School," Rev. H. P. Morrell. 10.15. Business session. 1.45 p. m. Business session. 3.45. Institute, "Missionary Education," Mrs. J. W. Vallentyne. 4.20. Address, "The Child's Personality and How to Approach it," Rev. Effie M. Jones, D. D. 7.30. Address, "Challenged," Rev. A. Gertrude Earle. 8. Address, "Youth in a New Era," Mr. Thomas Que Harrison.

Tuesday, Oct. 20.—9.30 a. m. Group conference, "The Superintendent and His Task," Mr. A. H. Homans. Group conference, "The Little Children," Mrs. Mary I. Chamberlain. 10.30. Group conference, "Dramatics in Religious Education," Mrs. Clara A. King. Group conference, "The Successful Home Department," Miss Grace A. Rice. 2 p. m. Group conference, "The Church School Money," Mr. Carl A. Hempel. Group conference, "The Junior Group," Mrs. Josephine Folsom. 3. Group conference, "The Organized Class," Miss Inez E. Warner. Group conference, "The Young People," Miss Alice G. Enbom. (Note: These conferences, coming at the same time as the ministers' meeting, are not open to clergymen.) 7. Devotional service. 7.15. A Friendly Word from the General Convention, Rev. J. M. Atwood, D. D. 7.30. Securing the Sinews of War, Rev. F. W. Gibbs. 8. Address, "Building the Church of Tomorrow," Rev. A. W. Beaven, D. D.

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WHO'S FOR THE BOY?

Who's for the boy?
"I," said his mother,
"Closer than a brother,
I'm for the boy."

Who's for the boy?
"I," said his teacher,
"I'm his week-day preacher,
I'm for the boy."

Who's for the boy?
"I," said his dad,
"I sure am for you, lad,
I'm for the boy."

Who's for the boy?
"I," said his dog,
"In sunshine or in fog,
I'm for the boy."

Who's for the boy?
"I," said the Nation,
"Boys from ev'ry station,
I'm for the boy."

Who's for the boy?
"I," said his God,
"I'll lift him from the clod,
I'm for the boy."

Who's for the boy?
"We're all for you, son,
Each and every one,
All for the boy!"

Henry R. Rose.

* *

HAVERHILL HIRES HELEN

Miss Helen Rice is to become director of religious education at Haverhill, Mass., Rev. Norman Fletcher being pastor. She will do good work. She is a graduate of the Boston University School of Religious Education and has given efficient service at Marlboro, Brookline and Gloucester, Mass.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Mr. Charles H. Chamberlain, now of New Britain, Conn., formerly of Galesburg, Ill., visited Universalist Headquarters Sept. 4.

Mrs. Enbom, mother of Miss Alice Enbom of the Headquarters Staff, is very ill at the Hope Private Hospital in Providence, R. I.

Mrs. A. N. Foster of Norwich, Conn., who has spent the summer with friends in England and has taken a brief tour on the Continent, has returned home.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Oliver Hall came home on the Majestic, sailing Sept. 2. For some time it was believed that the sailing of this steamer would be prevented by the seamen's strike.

Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Fischer of New Haven and Mrs. Fales of Worcester called at Headquarters Sept. 2.

Mrs. Ernest D. Hodsdon of Monmouth, Me., and St. Petersburg, Fla., and Mrs. George H. West of St. Petersburg, were visitors to Headquarters on Sept. 2.

Rev. Hazel I. Kirk has returned from a three months tour of Europe, during which she visited seven different countries, returning home by way of the St. Lawrence and Canada. Over three thousand miles of the trip was by private motor cars. Miss Agnes L. Hall of New Haven made part of the trip with her.

Alabama

Camp Hill.—Rev. George A. Gay, pastor. The annual meetings of this church concluded Sunday, Aug. 23, with the largest attendance in recent years. So many were present that chairs were brought from neighboring homes to accommodate the people. Mr. Gay delivered a series of sermons on the general theme "Great Moments in the Life of Jesus." One person united with the church, and others are to follow. The reports of the officers of the church showed more accomplished during the past year than during any recent period. A new plan was adopted Aug. 30, that of having regular preaching services at Camp Hill every fifth Sunday, in addition to the services held on the 2d and 4th Sundays. The attendance was gratifying. At night a union service brought another very large audience together. During August the minister of this church has preached at Senoia, Ga., Winder, and Canon, Ga., Harper's Hill and Friendship, Ala., a total of 24 sermons for the month. During September Mr. Gay will conduct special services at Red Level and other points in southern Alabama. He plans to take his vacation in October, and in November the Alabama Convention meets with the Camp Hill people.

California

Santa Paula.—Rev. Frank Lincoln Masseck, pastor. This church has been equipped with a six station acousticon, and has thus contributed to the deaf people of the community. It is the first church in Ventura County to be so equipped. The offerings of the people for the pipe organ and the acousticon have been more than sufficient to pay the bills, and the surpluses have been funded for the future.

Maine

Round Pond.—Services were held in this church this summer, as usual, beginning on July 5, when Rev. Stanley Manning, State Superintendent, was the preacher. The three following Sundays the preachers were Rev. Thomas J. Horner of Manchester, N. H., Rev. F. L. Cann of Pittsfield and Rev. George W. Scudder of Bath. Then Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., came from Massachusetts to be the resident minister through August and to preach on the five Sundays of that month. This church has been one of the most attractive country churches to be found in New England. Last year the building received a new roof and a fresh coat of paint. This year through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Lewis of Malden and Reading, Mass., the interior has been papered and painted. The pulpit has been beautified and enriched with a fine Dorsal hanging over which are suspended the flags of the country and the state of Maine. Beneath the Dorsal hanging is placed a mahogany table with candles so arranged as to complete the setting of the cross. The old stoves have been removed and a furnace installed beneath the building. Last year in addition to the work upon the roof and the exterior painting a Bluthner piano costing several hundred dollars was placed in the church. The congregations have been uniformly large. Aug. 2 was observed as Visitation Day with out-of-town guests from Augusta, Rockland and Ocean Point. Round Pond is wonderfully located upon the coast between Boothbay Harbor and Waldoboro and is attracting ever enlarging groups of the summer folk. These made up a large part of our congregations, giving freely of their time, their money and their talent as singers and musicians. Mrs. W. C. Weatherbee of Auburndale, Mass., was our pianist again this year. On Wednesday, Aug. 12, a sale was held by the Women's Society which netted over $300. At a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis on Aug. 19 the sum of $80 was received. At the close of the summer, Miss Annie M. Ervine reported that after all improvements had been made and all bills paid the society had $700 in the bank. A new communion set, containing 144 individual glasses, was purchased this year and used at the closing service on Aug. 30. At this same service, Dr. Coons christened two children and received five members into the church. The little "Brown Church" of Round Pond is much alive and is looking over into next year for some achievements to add to the story above.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1925

Previously reported	1,841
Kinston, N. C.	1
Camp Hill, Ala.	1
Round Pond, Me.	5
Total	1,848

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CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 727. South Woodstock, Vt., 6. Round Pond, Me., 2. Total, 735.

* *

LEE—BUTLER

The marriage of Miss Constance Lee of Gloucester, daughter of Dr. John Clarence Lee, to Geoffrey Travers Butler of Tasmania took place on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 1, in the Gloucester Universalist church. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, pastor of the church, and she was given in marriage by her brother, Cuthbert Lee, of Washington, D. C.

On their wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Butler will go to England to visit relatives of the bridegroom and also Mrs. William B. Wiegand, a recently married sister of the bride. From there they will sail for Tasmania, where they will make their home at Mr. Butler's estate, "Redcotes."

Mr. Butler is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Butler of Hobart, Tasmania. He served during the war as a captain in the Royal Field Artillery and was with General Allenby in the campaign in Egypt and Palestine.

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FROM GLOUCESTER

The Sargent-Murray-Gilman House Association, 49 Middle Street, Gloucester, Mass., holds its annual meeting, Sept. 16, at 3.30 p. m.

The following announcement and appeal has been issued by the secretary:

"At last the grounds of our house have been restored, and the house is in its proper setting with its terraces and fences complete.

"This house will be the Mecca for all lovers of colonial houses in this part of the country, and the constantly increasing number of visitors shows conclusively that our house is one of the greatest attractions in Gloucester.

"To our life members, I desire to express the appreciation of our board of

trustees for their co-operation which has helped make this possible. To our yearly members I can state that their yearly dues are and will be of assistance in the upkeep of this property, and I know that all who see this house in its new setting will be proud to continue their membership in our Association.

"Should any of our yearly members desire to become a life member, instead of sending your annual dues, please mail your check for $50 to our treasurer. Your money so sent would be placed in an endowment fund, the income only of which will be used for the same purpose as the annual dues. We hope to add at least one hundred life members this year from our list of annual members. We need a fund of sufficient size to give us an income of $1,000 a year to insure and assure the upkeep of our property for all time.

Remember, we are incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts with the sole purpose of securing and perpetuating forever this wonderful, historic old colonial mansion. Will you not in addition try to secure for us one additional member, either "life" at $50, or "annual" at $2?

* *

MURRAY GROVE INSTITUTE

If you desire to attend a live Missionary Institute come to Murray Grove next year. The Institute just closed took the form of regular Missionary Circle meetings with officers elected. Each committee was represented, so that a detailed account of every department was given at the Circle meetings. The sum of $20 was collected for text books for Mr. Cary's Bible class in Japan.

A telegram with greetings from the Institute was sent to Mrs. Allen, who was attending the North Carolina Convention at Kinston. Later, a telegram was received from Mrs. Allen sending greetings from the North Carolina Convention.

Mrs. Folsom gave us real pictures of our South American neighbors, using the text book, "New Days in Latin America." Miss Ellis taught the Home Mission Study book "Peasant Pioneers." The book deals with the Slavic people in America. Miss Hathaway won our hearts by telling us of her personal experiences with the Japanese people.

Three plays were given during the week, each in turn dealing with the problems of South America, of the Slavic people in America, and showing life in our Blackmer Home. The latter play made the onlookers feel they had paid a real visit to our Mission point.

* *

A NEW FERRY BEACH INSTITUTE

Ferry Beach, in the spirit of its great, far-seeing, liberal founder, Dr. Quillen H. Shinn, opened its doors, extended its opportunities and offered its welcome to a group of Maine Sunday School girls for an interdenominational conference and institute—"Camp Watewin," of the Maine State Sunday School Association, with forty girls and their instructors. The faculty included: Miss Ruth A. Carter, of the Portland, Me., Y. M. C. A., camp director; Miss Elizabeth Adams, physical director in New Jersey, as athletic director; Miss Alice Louise Brown, religious director; Mrs. Mabel L. Carter, camp nurse; Mrs. Gerald P. Clifford, musical director; Miss Jessie Dell Crawford, of Denison University, Ohio, instructor in Bible Study; Miss Hester Philips, instructor in Nature Study.

Camp Watewin's "call" is fragrant with the whisper of the pines and the murmur of the sea at Ferry Beach:

"To camp: to live under canvas away from the piles of brick and stone that we call cities, in the open air; to breathe pure oxygen; to bathe in the sun and water; to sleep beside the trail; to hear the whisper of the trees; to sit beside the campfire when the sun has set; to ply the oar and wield the paddle in the moonlight; to dive in the cool waters at dawn and to watch the stars at night; to commune night and morn and midday with God's great out of doors. This is the Call!

"To confer; to study the Guide Book of the boy and the girl, of men and nations; to learn to live right, to speak true, to help the weak; to follow the Christ; to note the rules of righteous living and to apply them to our daily life and service. This is the Call!

"To study plans for the home Sunday school and programs of service and activities to be done; to play and hike at night when the day is done, and to do it in the spirit of the Master of Men. This is the Call!"

"Ferry Beach calls You!"

Ferry Beach Park Association,
Elmer D. Colcord, Secretary.

* *

FERRY BEACH

The forty-fourth season of the National Universalist Meetings at Ferry Beach was again the occasion of enjoyment, power and spiritual uplift for all who attended. Ferry Beach interprets the modern spirit of Universalism and the spirit of free thinking and of general liberalism which Hosea Ballou made historic in our denomination.

Young People's Week, Aug. 1-7, found an overflowing attendance at classes and meetings. Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing acted as Dean of Women and Rev. Stanley Manning as Dean of Men. The Y. P. C. U. faculty also included Mr. Carl Hempel and Rev. F. W. Gibbs. Miss Ruth Owens and Rev. Ellsworth Reamon directed the recreational activities of the week. Rev. Harold Niles was the Sunday preacher.

Sunday School Week saw the largest attendance of the season. The faculty included Rev. U. S. Milburn, Miss Mary Slaughter, Miss Jennie Lois Ellis, Mr. Carl Hempel, Professor Brotherston of St. Lawrence University, and Rev. Stanley Manning. A splendid pageant, "The Spirit of Ferry Beach," written and directed by Miss S. Laurine Freeman, was appreciated by all who had the privilege of seeing it.

Missionary Week was very much worth while. Miss M. Agnes Hathaway was an honored guest of the Association, and her presence and lectures were much enjoyed by all. Classes were taught by Mrs. Milo G. Folsom, Miss Alice G. Enbom and Miss Beulah Cone.

During the season several interesting and instructive entertainments and pageants were held. Rev. Charles Haney and Mrs. Haney served as tent master and matron and Mr. Haney conducted classes in Applied Psychology. Under the able supervision of Mrs. Ora Fall, instructor in cooking and dietetics at Nasson College, and Mrs. Carrie Beckley, of Goddard Seminary, splendid meals were served.

Mrs. W. R. Rowland, assisted by Mrs. Carrie Chapin, served as house matron to the pleasure of all.

Following the regular season a very fine Girls' Institute under the direction of the Young People's Division of the State of Maine Sunday School Association was held. The Institute was interdenominational, and the camp, known as Camp Wautewin, was under the direction of Miss Ruth Carter of the Young Women's Christian Association. Afternoon musicales, enjoyed by all, were under the capable direction of Miss Helen Spear, of Wayne, Pa.

The president of the Association, Rev. Arthur E. Wilson, and his family, were on hand early to welcome arriving guests and make their stay enjoyable throughout the season.

Camp life attracted many this year, but the "regulars" were to be found in occupancy of customary rooms.

A memorial service for Dr. W. R. Rowland, for so many years president of the Association, was held in the grove. Since last year Dr. Rowland, Mrs. Cordelia Quinby, Mrs. Louis C. Bates, Mrs. Emma Chipman and Mr. W. O. Jameson, all loyal and devoted Ferry Beachers, have passed to the higher life.

The grove, the sea, the beach, the Institutes—all were wonderful this year. It was pleasant to have Mrs. Quillen H. Shinn, wife of the great founder of Ferry Beach, present so long with us. Ferry Beach has lived—and will live—in the hearts and in the service of those who love it.

* *

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 26)

coal industry as an example, and gives some very striking arguments for nationalization, arguments which opponents of government ownership in general will find worth their reading. In view of the fact that the danger of a coal strike in England

has only recently been averted by the government's agreeing to pay a subsidy to the mine owners, a move which is almost as drastic as nationalization, it is clear that a conservative as well as a labor government finds the coal industry a problem, and it is a question whether the conservative solution is better than that proposed by labor. Mr. Tawney gives facts which will help one to decide.

On other subjects Mr. Tawney touches, foreign policy, education, and the like. Though he is a trained economist, the author of "An Acquisitive Society," he has considerable interest in these matters, and his chapter on education is excellent. For the most part he writes at length on the labor party's policy in regard to public schools, and though he praises the Workers' Educational Association he devotes less attention to it than is common in books on the labor party. The chapter on the foreign policy of the labor government is also excellent in its attention to matters not always mentioned. The closing chapter, "The Labor Movement and Socialism," is as strong a statement of the aims of the party as could be desired.

In short, Mr. Tawney tells us things we need to know about the British labor movement. He writes sympathetically as a member of the party, but he also writes critically as an economist. For those who want a brief outline of the labor movement Paul Blanshard's little book, reviewed Sept. 20, 1924, will prove better than Tawney's volume, but for those who wish to supplement the information Blanshard gives them by reading a careful description of the present aims and policies of the labor party "The British Labor Movement" will prove highly informing.

Notices

GENERAL CONVENTION COMMITTEES

Following are the names of committee members appointed who have accepted to date. Any one having matters of interest to be presented to these committees, may send them to any of the members named.

Committee on Official Reports:

Walter Gabell, Chairman, Northern Central Trust Company, Broad Street and Erie Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Harry Westbrook Reed, 508 Washington Street, Watertown, N. Y.

Mrs. Theresa Homet Patterson, 544 S. El Molino Avenue, Pasadena, Cal.

Stanley S. Staring, Minneapolis, Minn.

Committee on Resolutions:

H. W. Morris, 205 Barrington St.,Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. E. D. Ellenwood, 103 Woodland Road, Woonsocket, R. I.

Committee on Nominations:

Mrs. Stella M. Cushing, 9 Cliff St., Arlington Heights, Mass.

Mr. Robert L. Whitney, Marlboro, N. H.

Rev. George A. Gay, Camp Hill, Ala.

* *

NEW YORK W. U. M. S.

The thirty-first annual Convention of the Women's Universalist Missionary Society of New York State will be held in the Universalist Church, Little Falls, Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1925.

Reports will be given, officers elected and other business transacted. At this time the Convention will vote upon the following amendment to Article IV, Sec. I, of the Constitution.

"The officers of this Society shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a recording secretary, a corresponding secretary, a treasurer, and two trustees, who, together *with the State Superintendent of the Clara Barton Guilds*, shall constitute the Executive Board."

Edith W. Johnson, Recording Secretary.

* *

ILLINOIS UNIVERSALIST CONVENTIONS

The Illinois State Convention, together with the State Sunday School Association and the Women's Missionary Association, will meet in Unity Church, Oak Park, Sept. 29 and 30. The Young People's Convention will be held Sept. 26 and 27.

* *

OFFICIAL CALL

The thirteenth annual convention of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church will be held at Syracuse, New York, on Monday, Oct. 19, beginning at 10 o'clock. Officers will be elected and important policies will be determined. In connection with this gathering devotional and educational meetings will be held, commencing on Saturday morning, Oct. 17, and closing on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20.

Carl A. Hempel, Secretary.

* *

UNIVERSALIST GENERAL CONVENTION

Syracuse, New York, Oct. 21-25, 1925

The biennial session of the Universalist General Convention will be held in the First Universalist Church, Syracuse, New York, beginning Wednesday, October 21, 1925, for the receiving of reports and the transaction of such business as may legally come before the Convention.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.

* *

MAINE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The ninety-seventh annual session of the Maine Universalist Convention will be held in the First Universalist Church, Bangor, beginning on Tuesday morning, Sept. 22, 1925, and continuing through the following day. The State Sunday School Association will hold its Convention and conferences beginning Monday afternoon, Sept. 21, at 2 p. m. The sessions of the Women's Missionary Association will be held on Tuesday afternoon.

The session of the Maine Universalist Convention is held for the purposes of hearing reports, electing officers for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as may legally come before it.

All are asked to note the change in place of meeting.

Stanley Manning, Secretary.

* *

OFFICIAL CALL

The forty-fifth Convention of the Women's National Missionary Association will be held in the First Universalist Church in Syracuse, N. Y., on Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1925, for the receiving of reports for the two years past, the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

Mrs. W. R. Corlett,
Recording Secretary.

* *

MINNESOTA STATE CONVENTION

The sixtieth annual session of the Universalist Convention of Minnesota, together with its auxiliary bodies, will be held at Anoka, Minn., Oct. 7 to 11 inclusive. for the election of officers, reports of committees and any such other business as may rightfully come before the Convention.

Thomas J. Farmer, Secretary.

* *

RECREATION CONGRESS

The Use of Leisure is Life! Attend the Twelfth National Recreation Congress, Asheville, N. C., Oct. 5-10, 1925.

Learn how community recreation builds health, forms character, prevents crime, promotes happiness, trains citizens.

What are you and your town doing? Come tell us.

What are others and their towns doing? Come ask them.

Apply to Playground and Recreation Association of America, 315 4th Ave., New York, for further information and to enroll.

* *

WISCONSIN STATE CONVENTION

The seventy-fifth annual session of the Wisconsin Universalist Convention and auxiliary bodies will be held in Monroe, Wis., Oct. 13, 14, 1925, for the election of officers, reports of committees, and any other legal business which may come before it for consideration.

Luther Riley Robinson, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION

The 100th annual session of the New York State Convention of Universalists will be held in Little Falls, N. Y., Oct. 6, 7, 8, 1925, for the transaction of such business as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE W. U. M. A.

The 32d annual Convention of the W. U. M. A. of New Hampshire will be held in Manchester on Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 1 p. m., for the election of officers and the transaction of all other business.

Eva D. Lother, Secretary.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE CONVENTION

The New Hampshire Universalist State Convention and its auxiliaries will meet at Manchester, Sept. 22, 23 and 24.

A. M. Bradley, Secretary.

* *

ALABAMA UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The Alabama Universalist Convention will meet at Camp Hill, Ala., in accordance with the order of the Board of Trustees, Nov. 12, 13, 14, 15, for the transaction of such business as may be brought before it.

Jas. L. Miller, Secretary.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION

Proposed Amendment to Article 4 of the Laws of Fellowship

Notice is hereby given that at the session of the General Convention to be held in Syracuse, Oct. 21-25, 1925, the following amendment to the Laws of Fellowship, Section 5 of Article 4, will be offered.

"Any federated, union or other parish formed by the combination of two or more denominational organizations, one of which has been in the Universalist Fellowship, may be granted fellowship by the Convention having jurisdiction upon the recommendation of its Committee on Fellowship (See Art. III, Section 1); and the parish receiving such fellowship shall be entitled to all of the rights and privileges of full fellowship, provided that all other legal requirements are fulfilled."

To make such verbal changes in other sections of the Laws of Fellowship as may be necessary to conform to this amendment if adopted.

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Jan26 Rev Charles W Wendte The Unis School for the Ministry

Crackling

A wide-awake young man who had just arrived at the summer hotel sought out the proprietor and said: "I notice you have a sign up which reads: 'Guests will please exercise patients until the meals are served.' "

"Yes, sir," said the proprietor.

"Well, if that pretty, but pale-looking girl over there is one of your patients, I will gladly take her for a walk along the beach."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

He had just arrived from the old country and was not familiar with the use of the telephone, so he took down the receiver and demanded:

"Aye vant to talk to my vife."

The operator's voice came back sweetly, "Number, please?"

"Oh," he replied, "she bane my second vun."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

* *

The following is an order mailed to a prominent piano company: "*Dear Sir:* Please send me by mail a string for my piano. Have the string tuned to G, before you send it, as my husband can put it in, but he can't tune it.—Mrs. X.

"P.S.—It's the G on the right side of the piano."—*Science and Invention.*

* *

The fool and his money are soon parted. If only nature would arrange a similar alienation of the fool and his car.—*Birmingham Reporter.*

* *

If you ran a hotel in which three or four of your guests had commandeered the best rooms and refused to pay rent, that would be extraterritoriality.—*Detroit News.*

* *

Thrilled Spinster: "He just rushed right up to me, crushed me to his bosom, and kissed me passionately. It's lucky you came up, Mr. Policeman."

"Yeah, on'y I ain't a policeman, I'm 'is keeper."—*Judge.*

* *

Friend (admiringly): "Where did you get your amazing knowledge of social and economic subjects?"

Host (proudly): "From my daughter's graduation essay."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

An army officer was showing his fair guest about the camps when a bugle sounded.

"What's that for?" the fair one inquired.

"That's tattoo," the officer explained.

"Oh, I understand," she remarked. "I've often seen it on soldiers' arms, but I didn't know they had a special time for doing it."—*The Argonaut.*

* *

"And what are you in for, my poor man?"

"Ninety years. I was a high-school teacher and I told my pupils there wasn't any Santa Claus."—*Judge.*

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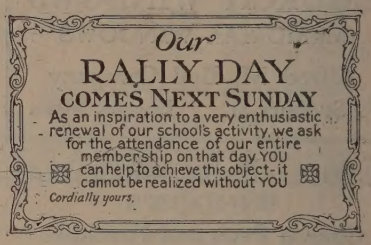
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